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FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

WOODCUTS Charles E. Heaney

STORIES



POEMS

JOE HANSEN

JAMES STEVENS

MARY FASSETT HUNT

THEODORE BRUMBACK

MARTIN SEVERIN PETERSON

Others

FANIA KRUGER

CARL BULOSAN

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THE ISLAND Upton Terrell

FESTIVAL Tom Bair

YUKON WINTER . . . Stanley Scarce

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FRONTIER AND MIDLAND

Volume XVI

WINTER 1936.

Number 2

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LITERARY NEWS

GRACE STONE COATES, Editor

The Metropolitan Press of Portland, Ore., is doing a fine service in reprinting expensive, out-of-print books of the Northwest. Their first reprint was *The Memorial of Lieut. John Mears*, of such general interest that it made a profitable sale. The next will be *Early Days in Old Oregon* by Katharine Judson, with all its quaint old prints faithfully reproduced. They announce the publication of *The Chinook: A History and Dictionary*, compiled by Edward Harper Thomas of Seattle, giving permanent record of a language spoken by hundreds of thousands before it fell into disuse in the early 1890's. In the five years of their book publishing, The Metropolitan Press have issued a surprising number of significant pieces of Northwest Americana. A recent significant publication is Alfred Powers's *History of Oregon Literature*.

AP news in Montana has been: John K. Hutchens' story of the Dempsey-Gibbons fight at Shelby, 1923, in *Esquire*; Philip Duncan's *Waggery Town*, a juvenile, Harper and Bros.; Dan E. Willard's *Montana: The Geological Story*; Chester Anders Fee's *Chief Joseph: The Biography of a Great Indian*, from the Press of the Pioneers, NYC; and R. C. Hamilton-Christie's appointment as west coast representative of the *London Express*. Hutchens is a former Montana State U. student; Duncan a Billings high school graduate; Willard, former professor of geology of N. D. State U, Fellow A. A. A. S. and author of *The Story of the Prairies* and *The Story of the North Star* (Railway Bldg., St. Paul.) Hamilton-Christie got his first look-in as historical feature writer for *The Tribune*, Great Falls, now featuring the late James Willard Schultz and John Ritch. Fee's *Chief Joseph* "is more than the life-story of one man; it is in a very real sense the Swan Song of the redman."

Ethel Romig Fuller is back in Portland after winning laurels in Carmel, Calif. Sinclair Lewis says if Jack London and George Sterling were to come back to Carmel they'd take the first stage out . . . And be sorry? some one asks. Helen Maring has been having phenomenal sales to juvenile and poetry markets. Mabel Parsons calls Frances Gill's new book, *Chloe Dusts Her Mantle*, charming. Miss Gill spent the summer in Quebec gathering material for a new novel. Don Blanding (*Vagabond's House*: Dodd Mead & Co.) autographed books in Frederick and Nelson's auditorium, Seattle; Rockwell Kent, returning from Alaska with material for murals for public buildings, ditto. Jim Marshall appears regularly in *Collier's* and *American Magazine*, and Dick Wetjen's sea stories are high spots in the *Satevepost*. H.

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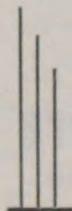
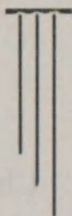
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L. (*Honey in the Horn*) Davis, Harper prize winner, was feted in Seattle recently.

The fourth edition of *Montana in the Making* by Newton Carl Abbott of the Eastern Montana Normal College, has been issued by the Gazette Publishing Co., Billings.

The Seattle branch of the National League of American Pen Women honored Mary J. Elmendorf at a formal dinner and program November 16.

Bill Hart says that his latest book has had a gratifying sale, through his friends of many years. C. M. Bair has distributed fifty copies to public and semi-public institutions of Billings, that younger generations may know something of the man whose heroic equestrian statue—with the famous horse, *Paint*—looks down over the valley from the rimrock above the city.

Mrs. Mabel Glemby, NYC artist, has done six Sioux Indian portraits for the Northern Pacific railroad at the Standing Rock agency, Fort Yates, N. D., awarded the commission after marked success with Blackfeet Indian studies in Glacier park. The Great Northern Railway company has an order for 5,000 copies of Reiss and Linderman's *Blackfeet Indians* from Marshall Field & Co. for Christmas sale.

Harry Hartwick's *The Foreground of American Fiction*, American Book Co., has popular appeal and is getting a good eastern press. The Macmillan Co. issue *Trial Balances*, edited by Ann Winslow, an anthology of young poets' work with critical comments by such established authorities as Louis Untermeyer, Stephen Vincent Benet, Allen Tate, Louise Bogan, Robert Hillyer. With Anne Morrow Lindbergh's *North to the Orient*, William Seabrook's *Asylum*, Ellen Glasgow's *Vein of Iron* on their list, not to mention Rockwell Kent's *Salamina* and *The New Yorker Book of Verse*, Harcourt, Brace are justified in their enthusiasm. Some of their "firsts" are going to be valuable. Dutton's *On the Literary Front* is full of breezy literary gossip. Larry Smith (*The Sunlight Kid and Other Western Verses*), one of Dutton's authors, plans to spend the winter at Southern Pines, N. C., where Jim Boyd, the Struthers Burts and many other writers live. Charles J. Finger writes from the Ozarks that he and his daughter spent a marvelous summer—"always adventuring—mingling with all sorts and conditions of men and women—sometimes stopping at ritzy places and sometimes the reverse."

Madeleine Aaron of Wichita, Kansas, poet and essayist, finds her second religious text for children, *The Way of Life* (The Anthorian Press, Paterson, N. J.) in its second printing, having sold 10,000 copies.

John Rood, Athens, Ohio, might welcome snappy literary notes and more extended discussion for his *Manuscript News*. The current issue of *Manuscript* carries stories by Rood, Benjamin Appel—who has written

Continued on page 167

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ROADS—

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by MORRIS NEWGARD



It took the Montana state governing body a long time to awaken to the fact that the state needed good roads to keep pace with the commercial progress of other states and to attract tourists into this region. Ten or fifteen years ago Montana had a sour reputation for its poor highways. But in 1926 real stress was put on road building and a campaign was laid out to give the state an entirely new and modern system of highways that would not be excelled by any of its neighboring states.

The gasoline tax was the only source of income for this tremendous undertaking until 1932 when \$8,000,000 was apportioned to Montana by the Federal government for road construction. This was followed by lavish contributions under the Emergency Relief administration so that in 1935 Montana was rated in the upper four of all the states in the Union in the amount of road building that had been accomplished. The Treasure State can now favorably compare her highways to those of any state in the West in construction and durability. She can boast that her roads are good in all weather because the soil is of such a nature that the hardest rains cannot make them soggy.

Missoula, a beautiful and prosperous city in Western Montana, enjoyed a most advantageous location to derive the benefits of the new roads. It seems that the logical route for all of Montana's mainly traveled highways, whether north to south or east to



Hellgate Canyon as seen from Highway No. 10 east of Missoula.



Beautiful Lake McDonald in Glacier National Park as viewed from the highway.

west, was through the Missoula valley. This has made Missoula a hub into which the roads converge, not unlike the spokes of a gigantic wheel. It has made this city a commercial center with a vast amount of trucking business to and from coast cities and the

smaller Montana cities. Let us briefly investigate some of these roads.

The Yellowstone Trail stretches west from Missoula through a region rich in the lore of the old placer mining days and abounding with the lure of exceptional opportunities for the fisherman, hunter, or camper. The road is routed through beautiful mountains into Wallace, Idaho and extends on to Spokane.

The Clark's Fork route extends northwest over the same trail that was once followed by voyageurs of the old Hudson Bay Company and other American competitors in the early-day fur trade. The road passes the Montana National Bison Range and continues through wonderful timberland into Thompson Falls, Sandpoint, Idaho, and on to Spokane.

One of the most beautiful roads in the world is that extending north from Missoula, through the fertile Flathead valley, and on to Glacier National Park, which has often been called America's Switzerland. In going over this route the traveler skirts one of the most magnificent range of mountains in the world, the Mission Range. Also, he follows the shore-line of beautiful Flathead Lake, which is the largest lake in the entire Rocky Mountains, stretching 40 miles from Polson to Somers. It is but a short distance from here to Kalispell, a prosperous and modern lumbering and agricultural city, and on to Glacier Park. A trip through Glacier Park and over the new Going-to-the-Sun Highway has been acclaimed by



A section of the Clark's Fork Route, west of Missoula, which skirts the beautiful river from which it gets its name.

many world-wide motorists as absolutely the most awe-inspiring and spectacular trip in the world. Logan Pass, St. Mary's Lake, and the Many Glacier Region present pictures which have become indelible in the memories of those travelers who have been fortunate enough to see them.



Buffalo in the Montana National Bison Reserve seen from Highway No. 93 northwest of Missoula.

One of the spokes of the huge wheel which has Missoula as its hub, is the Yellowstone Trail which extends east by south to Butte and Yellowstone National Park. From Butte one may go south to Salt Lake City or southeast to Yellowstone Park. This is another of the nation's playgrounds, noted for its freakish geysers, its beautiful mountains, and Yellowstone Lake, which is a fisherman's paradise.

South from Missoula extends a highway leading through the charming Bitter Root Valley. This is one of the greatest fruit-raising areas in the country. Its orchards, famous for the McIntosh Red apples and strawberries, furnish fruit which is in demand in the various parts of the United States. The road continues south to Salmon, Idaho and on to Salt Lake City, or branches off to the western entrance to Yellowstone Park.

The Blackfoot Highway is another road which has been enjoying an increase in travel, both commercially and from tourists. The route is the entrance to the Holland-Lindbergh Lake resort region, which is gaining in popularity every year, and extends northeast to Great Falls or southeast to Helena.

The proposed Lewis and Clark highway, which is to be constructed in the near future, will be one of the most spectacular and beautiful drives in the Northwest. The planned route of the road is from Missoula, through Lolo Hot Springs, over glamorous Lolo Pass, and will follow the old Lolo Indian Trail



Seeley Lake which may be seen from the Blackfoot highway, northeast of Missoula.

from which it continues to Lewistown, Idaho. This new road will place Missoula much closer to coast cities.

These highways have been heralded by motorists as a tribute to Montana's progressiveness. The State Highway Commission has taken a pride in keeping them oiled and in first-class condition all the year 'round. Missoula is proud to be in its enviable position as the converging point of so many of them.

Western Montana is rapidly becoming one of America's most loved recreational areas, judging from the steady increase in travel from year to year. Missoula has benefited from the good roads by enjoying a steady increase in population, a rise in the amount of business done by the respective merchants, and by a general feeling throughout the city that this is a prosperous, up-and-coming city and a wonderful place in which to live.

Missoula deserves her name, Montana's Garden City.



Haystack Butte and Garden Wall seen through tunnel in Going-to-the-Sun Highway, Glacier National Park.

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NOW in its eleventh year, the Virginia Quarterly Review has published the work of leading writers of America and Europe, and has also introduced a number of new writers of creative and critical literature. It has given particular emphasis to Southern problems, and has aimed to assess American life from the point of view of Southern culture, but its pages are open to free discussion in the fields of literature, politics, economics, and the arts and sciences.

Featured in the January Number:

LIVE DEMAGOGUE, OR DEAD GENTLEMEN?,
by Gerald W. Johnson

UNDERWRITING CENTRAL EUROPE,
by Peter Drucker

THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY,
by Marshall Morgan

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS,
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POETRY

A LIBERAL LOOKS AT TRADITION,
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Vol. XVI, No. 2

A MAGAZINE OF THE WEST

Winter, 1936

"The frontiers are not east or west, north or south, but wherever a man fronts a fact."
—THOREAU.



Woodcut by Charles E. Heaney

THE ISLAND

UPTON TERRELL

ON the way out to Uncle Ben's you crossed Swan River and then you were on his island. It wasn't strictly an island, but a narrow ridge of land that rose up above the everglades like an alligator's back. The Appalachicola Swamp almost surrounded it, however, and you could not go through that during most of the year without a poling skiff. An old wooden bridge crossed the river at the west end, where a thin finger of land made a bend in the stream, and several times at night I had heard 'gators there slide off into deep water when we came along the road. They seemed to

like that part of the river at night, although they were not about in daylight. Perhaps they were hopeful that some evening a man or a dog or a calf crossing the bridge would fall off.

There had been excessive rains that fall and the river was high, and the swamp water crept up on the land, as if trying to pull it down and absorb it. In between the dark live oaks and the pines the forests had turned, and there were bright red and gold patches intermingled with the assortment of greens. Uncle Ben's cane fields were along each side of the road, and some places the tall stalks formed solid em-

erald walls which closed the view. Just before reaching the house the road twisted several times in passing through a thick pine stand. The pines were great towering trees which would have brought a fine price at the saw-mill, but Uncle Ben never would consent to sell them to Oscar Franklin, the lumberman. "I've got too used to having them there," he once said. "And they're sort of like a savings account for a rainy day." "On a very bright day they may burn down," said Mr. Franklin. "Then where will you be?" "I'd be just like the man whose bank failed," Uncle Ben told him. "That's a chance you have to take."

Once out of the trees the house could be seen across open fields, and when you beheld that vista you understood why the place had been called Enchanted Island when Uncle Ben settled there. Later people spoke of it only as his place, even forgetting the island part, but it lost none of its enchantment. The river, seeping through the swamp, ran clear of obstructions there and made a wide bend around the cultivated fields. The water was like black glass in which the immense cypress trees, dripping with Spanish moss, were reflected.

The house was built in that careless, unsymmetrical way of the old Florida country houses: rambling off in "l's," a covered space in the center and a wide gallery on every side. It sat up on stone supports, several feet off the ground, and there was a white picket fence all around it to prevent the pigs and chickens from taking up residence beneath it, as well as to keep them off the flower beds. Along the west side was a long row of shaggy cabbage palms, and some distance in the oppo-

site direction were the barns and sheds and pens. Close to the river bank were the cabins for the colored people, the walls always so freshly whitewashed that they shone at night under the light of the soft stars.

Uncle Ben was exceedingly kind to the people who worked for him. Some of them had been there since he settled on the island, and there were young parents living in cabins in which they had been born themselves. Seldom any trouble occurred, but if it did, he settled it himself. It rarely was more serious than a liquor row. Perhaps some young man would get hold of too much whiskey and become obstreperous. Uncle Ben would go down and pull the trouble-maker out. He might give him a wallop or two, to make him understand things; and if that failed to bring quiet, he would march him off to a small shed and lock him up.

I never knew him to be unkind or unjust, but he was always firm and he would not tolerate disobedience or insolence. He couldn't very well just discharge a man for violating the rules or for shirking work, for in doing that he would be turning him (and ordinarily a family) out of house and home. He found the little windowless shed an effective form of punishment in most cases. But the negroes on the island were the good, lazy, happy kind that everybody liked to have about. He had chosen them with descretion, over a long period of years, and it almost might have been said that he had developed a special type particularly adapted to life there. They respected and admired him, and they loved their homes and their routine tranquil lives.

In the Fall, he brought out a wagon load of extra men from town to help

with the cane cutting, and occasionally there would be a disgruntled or disagreeable one in the lot. The offender might be a young fellow who had got notions on subjects over his head. If this was the case, one of the older colored men who could command respect generally took him in hand and kept him out of mischief. But one fall when I was out there, a fine looking, powerful young fellow drew a knife when Uncle Ben scolded him for jerking a horse. Two cane cutters tried to get hold of him, but he brandished the knife at them, and Uncle Ben called them off. He walked up to the young fellow and held out his hand. "Give me the knife, boy," he said. The negro rolled his eyes and weaved back and forth.

Suddenly Uncle Ben struck with the quickness of a giant cat, and his huge open hand landed squarely against the side of the fellow's head, sending him tumbling. And again like a big cat, Uncle Ben pounced on him. He wrenched the knife from his hand and slapped him several times more and then gave him a shove. "Now you go along, and don't you ever come back here," he said.

Some of the neighbors heard about the fight and spoke to Uncle Ben about it. They thought he should have finished the young negro then and there, but Uncle Ben shook his head. "No," he said, "I don't think so. If he was dead he couldn't remember the licking I gave him. I have an idea he ain't really a bad boy. He's just got some notions in his head that he can't handle."

I liked to think back about the island and to hear Uncle Ben talk about the country. The Spaniards came through

it first looking for gold and precious stones, fighting the savages and dying of starvation and disease. Just thirty miles away, on the bay where Swan River reaches the Gulf, an expedition was wrecked and the men spent six months building boats which they covered with the hides of their horses. The "friendly" Indians kept those poor fellows in a constant state of excitement and hope with their stories of men with long tails who had to dig a hole in the ground before they could sit down, and about people who sprinkled their meats with gold dust because they didn't have any other use for it, and about others who lived in houses with turquoise doors and ate from dishes carved out of immense pearls.

The Texas cowmen controlled Florida when Uncle Ben came over to it as a young man from Mississippi, and he worked as a cowboy, riding the great pine forests and uplands after cattle. Later he settled near Tallahassee and started his own ranch. But one day when he was hunting he saw the island and he lost his heart to it. Part of the house was there then, built by some smugglers, but it had been deserted for years. Uncle Ben homesteaded on the island and sold his ranch. He got married, but his wife died. Several years afterward he married Aunt Cora.

Almost every foot of the island was tillable, and he farmed and raised stock, ran a turpentine still and cut some timber. He made money, and eventually he had developed a profitable plantation. He was never dissatisfied after he had settled there, and I believe he would have been content if he had not prospered, for he had a deep interest in wild life, in hunting

and fishing, a love of semi-tropical beauty; and in these respects the island was a paradise.

* * *

It seemed to me then that something always happened to keep me from doing the things I most enjoyed. Now serious trouble had come again to the country, and the hope that I would get to go out to Uncle Ben's, as I had planned, was dwindling fast. My misfortunes were due in part to my father's position. He was a lawyer and a councilman and had a hand in all the affairs of the town. He always discussed them with my mother, and she was a woman who lived in constant apprehension. Although her failing preyed only slightly on her natural amiability, it kept her ever prepared to thwart a cruel fate which she was convinced only awaited an unguarded moment in which to strike.

But I could think back and remember that almost every time I had wanted to visit Uncle Ben and Aunt Cora something came up which she would use as an excuse to keep me in town. There was the sawmill strike. Four men were killed and the guards and strikers sniped at each other in the streets. I wasn't allowed to leave the yard for almost a week, and I not only had to forego a week-end on the island, but I missed the Valentine party at school. Then there was the fight between the Jensions and the Parks. It kept up for three months, until it ended suddenly one night. My father said they were nothing but trash and it would be a good thing if they all were killed. But I always felt that old Fernman Jenson must have been a pretty brave man, something like a cowboy or a western desperado, to have walked

into the Pine Tree Cafe with four of the Parks sitting in there. He walked in with his gun, and he said, "This is the time." And he killed three of them before the last one got him.

And little Berney Pratt's kidnaping upset things for me. He wasn't kidnaped at all, but he got lost out along Black Bayou, and for two days everybody was afraid a band of little child stealers had got him. It was his dog who found him. Then Susan Yates disappeared. She was sixteen, and people thought some white slavers had come up from the Gulf and carried her off, because a strange boat was seen in Swan River. But she'd only run away and got a job in a restaurant over in Pensacola. Trouble with negroes . . . Lord, we had had them. There had been two lynchings that I could recall, and once before the soldiers had come to Crystal City. "It's the trash," my father said, "the white no-goods who cause the most trouble. We could handle such cases swiftly and fairly if it weren't for the riff-raff's disrespect for law and justice."

And a mob had taken a negro from the jail and hanged him to a tree in front of the courthouse. Because another had become the quarry of both the lynchers and the police, the militia had come, and the town was partially under martial law.

What mystified and aggravated me most, however, was the understanding that if the whole world had been as peaceful as a Sunday morning in May, my mother would have objected to my going out to Uncle Ben's then. And even if she was won over, I would, as usual, remember all the time I was away that she hadn't wanted me to go. It made me angry. Uncle Ben's island

was the most beautiful and peaceful place I knew. Life moved tranquilly through the bright days and starry nights in those woods and everglades, and I could conceive of no extraordinary danger lurking there.

After I had gone to bed, I heard them talking in their room, and my father said, "You act like you've got something against Ben and Cora, Adie. I don't understand you. They're decent people. Maybe a little crude to our way of thinking. But he's your own brother." "I've never held anything against either of them," she answered. "Ben is a kind and good man. It's just that he's always lived a . . . a rough life. I don't think the island is a beneficial environment. Something . . . Well, I simply feel that something might happen out there that wouldn't be good for Charles to see." My father grunted. "I don't know what it could be," he said. "They've got two young daughters, and they're not going to let them see anything that would be bad for them."

I devised a new scheme, and at breakfast I demanded an explanation. "Well, why can't I go?" "Because you don't have to go clear out there to find amusement," my mother said. "It seems to me that boys now days have the hardest time entertaining themselves." "But they'll be cutting cane now!" "Oh, let him go, Adie," my father said from behind his paper. "A few days in the country will do him good. I wish I could get away to go fishing myself." My mother looked at the paper until he put it down, as if he understood she was looking at it and there was no use keeping it up any longer. "The trouble is here in town," he said, "if that's what you're thinking

about. He'd be safer out there. Anyway, this will die out, now that the militia is here." I folded my napkin and got up from the table. "Well," I said, "maybe I'd better not go. I wouldn't want to miss anything. They're looking for that other colored fellow, and if they get him, another mob will probably attack the soldiers and maybe burn down the courthouse and hang him like they did that other one yesterday, and I would hate to be away if that happened."

I got to go.

* * *

For two reasons I remember that it happened on a Wednesday evening. That is the evening the stores in Crystal City stay open until ten o'clock, and Aunt Cora and the two girls had gone into town to buy goods for Iris' birthday dress. And it was on Monday, two days before, that the mob had taken the negro from the jail and hanged him, and the next day I had gone out to the island.

Aunt Cora hurried us through supper, and it was only shortly after five when we had finished. The sun was just falling below the pine stand. She tried to persuade Uncle Ben to drive them into town, but he didn't want to go. "I'll be going in first thing in the morning," he said, "if you want to wait till then." "We've waited too long now," Aunt Cora told him. "Sunday is Iris' birthday, and I promised her a new dress. I can't break up a day to go after the goods when there's so much to do here, and heaven knows we haven't much time to make a dress in."

She went out back and got in the Ford and drove it around to the front gate. Uncle Ben sat on the gallery.

Aunt Cora frowned at him. "I should think you'd be glad to give your daughter a new dress on her sixteenth birthday," she said. "I don't have any objection," he replied, and I thought he looked very tired and somewhat sad. "Well, with all this trouble about, I wouldn't think you'd let your family go off alone after night." "If you're thinkin' about that other nigger they're huntin', you won't meet him," he told her. "You're safe, or I wouldn't let you go." Iris and Louise came out and got in the front seat beside Aunt Cora. She kept staring at Uncle Ben, but he looked away at the river. "Well, suppose, he would . . . ?" "He won't," Uncle Ben said sharply. "Just forget it." "Let's go," Louise said. Aunt Cora leaned out, as if to see Uncle Ben better, and she squinted her eyes. "Look here, you're not goin' to run off and help hunt . . ." "No! I'm not going any place," he said a little harder, and turned to me. "You'd better go along with them." "I don't want to," I said emphatically. "I might meet mother or dad in town and they'd take me home. They wouldn't want me out with the soldiers there." "But it's all right for a defenseless woman and two girls," said Aunt Cora, and started the engine.

The sound of the motor died away quickly as the car entered the pine trees, and it was very still, except for a mocking-bird. A single red ray struck the top of the big live oak opposite the front gate, giving it a shimmering golden crown above the dark green billows. The colored people already had shut themselves in their cabins . . . all the doors and windows were closed . . . and I knew they were living in terror and grief because of the trou-

ble. None of them would go out that night, or any night, until the hunting parties had quit. I thought of the man for whom both the police and the lynch-ers were searching, and I wondered who would win that race, and I told myself how unfortunate it was that a few imbeciles and wicked negroes made life so hard for all the others. The two men, one of whom the mob killed on Monday, had stopped a young white woman on the Bay Road and killed her, and now all the country was mad, and men wanted to revenge her death with their own hands, and no negroes, even the good, happy ones at Uncle Ben's, were safe. I was thinking so hard that I started when he spoke.

"Awful still this evening. Not a breath of air stirring." He looked out toward the cabins. "Charley, you go out and ask how Young Nancy's feelin'." "Is she sick?" I asked him. "She's goin' to have a baby sometime soon, and she's been in misery lately. If she feels worse, I'm goin' to send for old Doc Hepson. It may be something serious."

I got up, and then one of the dogs came out from under the gallery and growled, and I saw three men walking along the river. I could see their hats bobbing above the low bank. "Just wait a minute," Uncle Ben said quietly, "till I see who this is. They must have come downstream in a boat." He spoke to the dog, and it whined and went back under the porch.

The three men came slowly up the path from the river. They were carrying guns. I felt my breath shorten, for suddenly I understood what they were doing. Uncle Ben didn't move. He sat comfortably in his chair, his big hands lying in his lap. When they had

reached the gate, one of them raised a hand and said:

"Hello, Ben."

"Evenin', gents," Uncle Ben answered, and sat up a little.

The tallest man pushed his hat back and stood his rifle against the porch.

"Well, Ben, what do you think?"

"Mighty pleasant evening."

"I mean about the nigger . . ." the man said, stopping abruptly to look at me and at the door of the house, and I knew he thought Aunt Cora or one of the girls might be there. But he didn't have to say the word. I knew what he meant.

"I ain't thought much about it," Uncle Ben told him, "except to wish it hadn't happened. What do you think, Cal?"

"I think we're goin' to get him before the night's done. Can't see how he can get away. Wherever he's hidin', he's goin' to get hungry before much longer."

A little thin dark man with a wrinkled face plucked a chew of tobacco from his mouth, and said in a cracked voice, "I'd like to catch somebody feedin' him."

I knew the third man. He was Fred Mulvay and he was a yard boss at the sawmill. He was a heavy man with a round face and there was a half-moon scar under one eye. "Ain't nobody got the nerve to help him," he said. "They know he can't get away, because he can't walk on water."

"You seem to talk like you thought he was right around here," Uncle Ben said.

"He is," said Cal. "The hounds picked him up south of the road and followed him right to the bridge. He took one of Casey Orr's skiffs last

night and that means he's somewhere in this swamp. He couldn't get out of it, because we've had men watching all the open water since yesterday."

"Maybe he went down river," Uncle Ben suggested.

"He went up," Cal continued, "because they found the skiff up here by the Big Cypress Bend. But the hounds couldn't pick him up again, because he stayed in water."

Fred Mulvay took out a bottle and passed it around. "We better get along down to the bridge," he said. "Thought you might go with us, Ben. You know this swamp better than anybody else."

Uncle Ben shook his head. "I guess I'll stay here."

"You wouldn't want to miss anything, would you?" the tall man asked, half closing his eyes. He took up his gun, and set his hat straight.

I thought Uncle Ben's voice sounded strange when he spoke. "I just hope I do," he replied.

The three men looked at him curiously, and at last Fred Mulvay grunted. "How come you feel that way, Ben?" he said.

Uncle Ben got up. "Well, since you ask, I expect I ought to tell you. If I thought I could find that nigger and turn him over to the court to be hung legal, I might go after him and bring him in, but I wouldn't turn a mangy hound dog who had lost its nose over to a mob. I just don't like the idea." He walked to the door and stood looking at the men, and I thought he never looked so big and stern before.

It was the tall man who found his voice first. "Well, Ben," he said, "I reckon every man has a right to his

own ideas about things. But when a white woman . . . ”

“Come on,” the little man said suddenly, and turned away. The other two looked at Uncle Ben for a moment, and then they followed.

Uncle Ben stepped inside and when he came out he had a rifle. He stood it against the wall behind his chair, and I saw that his face was dark and looking at it made something tremble inside of me.

The sun had gone and now the pine stand was dark and the golden crown had faded from the big live oak and it stood almost black against the paler light over the open river.

“You . . . ” I said before I meant to, as the thought had begun to come to me.

He turned his head. “What?”

“You don’t think they’re right, do you?”

He shifted his bulk in the chair, and after a moment he said in a low voice: “Maybe my respect for the law is extreme, but I guess I always was sort of a crank about justice.”

I felt more confident. “My father is a lawyer,” I said, “and he says that when the law fails we go back faster than we could ever go forward.”

“Do you know what he means?” he asked me.

“I think so.”

“Well, you think like your pappy and you won’t go far wrong.”

“But do you?” I insisted.

He looked at me again, and I thought I saw a faint smile on his lips, but his face was still cold and hard around his eyes. “Justice is man’s only salvation,” he said very slowly.

I didn’t understand him, but I tried to, and I thought of the tall man and

what he had started to say at the last, and I wished he had finished it. I felt my breath shorten when I thought again of the question which had come to my mind when the men were there. I didn’t know why the question came to me at all, except that something in the way the three men talked and looked at Uncle Ben seemed to make me think of it.

“Uncle Ben.”

“Well?”

“What would you do if Louise or Iris were . . . ” He looked at me so quickly that I was frightened and I stopped.

“Don’t talk about such things,” he said harshly.

I felt sorry. “I didn’t want to be mean,” I said.

He reached out and put a hand on my shoulder. “Only the Lord knows what I’d do,” he said in a hoarse voice.

The katydids were loud, and I heard a splash in the river, and across in the dark swamp a bird called out as if it were startled. There were no lights showing down at the cabins, but I could see them white and ghostlike against the darkening trees.

“Charley, you go around to the cellar and tell him to come out,” Uncle Ben said.

“Tell who?” I asked.

“Tell that nigger. Tell him to come around here to me,” he answered.

My legs shook when I started around the house, and my breath almost had stopped.

* * *

I stood away from the negro, on the opposite side of the steps. He had his hat in his hand, and he was trembling so badly that he appeared to be doing some kind of a dance. His overalls

were ragged and his shirt fell from his shoulders in streamers. Water ran out of his mouth when he opened it. I was watching him so intently that I didn't know what Uncle Ben was saying, but suddenly I was listening.

"I wish there was some way I could take you in to the sheriff, but there ain't. It would only mean a fight, and there would be others killed. These people wouldn't let you stand trial, and I don't aim to be the cause of others getting shot because of you."

"No, Lawd, don't take me in."

"I'm not goin' to."

"No, Lawd, let me get away."

"You ain't got a chance of gettin' away, and you know it."

"Yes, Lawd, but I's gwine try."

"You can't go out of here on water. They're watching every place. And it's twenty miles through that swamp to dry land. You don't have a chance, son."

The negro fell to his knees and clasped his hands. "Oh, Lawd, I'se a good man and the debil's got me. Oh, Lawd, give me the wings of an angel. Oh, Lawd, take me away from dis place."

"Get up," said Uncle Ben, and turned to me. His lips opened, as if he were waiting for the words to come, and his immense chest rose and fell. "Charley, you go along now and find out how Young Nancy's doin'. See if she wants the doctor yet. I don't want her to have trouble. Sam said he would tell me if she did, but I reckon he don't want to come out."

My lips were dry, and I could only nod. I didn't want to go then, but I understood it was no time to object. When I got out the dooryard gate I could hear the negro whimpering, and Uncle Ben said, "Well, get goin', then."

When I had got to Young Nancy's cabin I stopped and looked back and I could see the shadowy shape of the negro moving toward the river bank beyond the big live oak, and then suddenly I heard a baby crying in the cabin. I had turned toward the door when the shot came. The negro spun around on the river bank and disappeared and I heard the water splash, and after that there was a deathly silence which held me immobile . . . until suddenly I started to run back toward the house. Uncle Ben was not on the porch, but as I ran up he came out and sat down and stared into the darkness. I stood there trying to speak, and at last he turned his head and asked me, "How's Young Nancy?"

"She's . . . I don't know. I didn't have time to ask. . . ."

"Calm down," he said gently. "Somebody was laying for him over in the trees. It's a good thing. He never could have got away."

I stood staring at the wall behind his chair. The rifle was gone. When I spoke I hardly realized what I was saying. "I heard a baby crying in the cabin." He got up. "A baby crying. Why didn't you tell me? Come on, let's go down. They'll need help."

FESTIVAL

TOM BAIR

It was a dull day in the Valley of the Little River
though the sun was like a great golden spider
swinging across the white sky—an insect basilisk
watching, watching for a victim to entangle in the bright
jungle of her glance.

it was music

*the timid theme running and lying
quiet under the weight of noon.*

it was music

a song a thousand years silent in the heart.

For this was the day of meditation—the day of
spiritual submersion into the complicated desire for rain.
This was the day when quiet hung in the darkness
of adobe arches and waited, waited to be sought out
and possessed with awakened laughter.

Who will be the courageous one?

*who, willing
to build in his heart the frenzy of a people's
dark desire, will let himself leap upward whirling
then downward into the dust*

*and let the heat coil
in his brain, a hot sinew of brass.*

Then came the scream of a man struck down with the sun;
And sleepers wakened to see the shadows spreading
their great stains over the white desert of the street.
Slowly, on uncertain feet, the music of guitars crept out,
and voices moved softly in the houses like leaves
disturbed with a faint wind.

children, listen,

*he was a small man with a brown
earth-strength in him; he was light, so light
the sun took his soul and made a red cloud of it;
and when his veins were opened*

*they found fire
instead of blood—but that was a thousand years ago.*

Now there were some who took the man from the street and bathed him and oiled him and propped him on a throne made of a pile of gourds to watch the dancers who followed the dusk, to watch the marchers who carried crimson banners depicting the plowing, the sowing and the joy of the harvest. And there were some who watched with him silently, the old men and the children, watched the masks of mountain demons prancing, the dusty girls posturing to the beat of guitars. And these watchers, the old men and the children, were the first to notice that the man had risen and opened his hands to the sky, to notice that their shoulders were wet with rain.

THE BREAK

JAMES STEVENS

IF the ponderous diamond ring and its platinum guard had not slipped from the frail finger of the lady in the limousine, there would be no story to write about Joe Carson. For he was that commonest of Americans, a workman of middle age, a kind husband, an indulgent father. At forty-eight he looked back to his boyhood over years that were all a level of plain labor. Here and there bright rises emerged—his marriage, the births of four children, an equity in a home, the purchase of a new car. Valleys of tribulation were more numerous. The one nearest was the big depression. But even in it Joe Carson had held up. He was working.

Thus Joe, when a diamond dropped at his feet, and the first break of romantic fortune came to him. So Joe Carson has his story.

Joe was standing at the intersection of two arterial boulevards, waiting for a green light. He was walking home from an evening visit to his wife in the surgical ward of a hospital when he first observed the limousine; struggling

with a painful memory of Cora, a dull murmur of words circling in his head. "Jeez, the poor kid. I hope them gas pains lets up on her tonight. Jeez, the poor kid. I hope they let up. Them lousy gas pains, I hope—"

His troubled gaze roved over the sleek and shimmering body of an Aragon Eight. Subconsciously Joe was interested in the job. His shop turned out gears for the Aragon. The right rear window was momentarily open to the sluggish drift of summer night air. A slim hand fluttered nervously in the gap, like a fan. When it brushed outward the rays of a street lamp struck it with a blinding glitter. Joe just sort of noticed it, along with the swell Aragon job. He kept thinking about Cora: "Jeez, the poor kid—"

The light changed. The limousine lunged forward, to head the unloosed stream of traffic. The lady's hand jerked frantically toward her hair. A curving glitter streaked before Joe's eyes and ended with a clink in the concrete gutter at his feet. He glimpsed

the glass swiftly rising in the window gap, then a red flash of tail lamps. He stooped, and clutched a ring.

Joe was a pretty quick thinker in a pinch. A helper had to think lively to keep the machinists off his neck in the high-speed gear shop of Menominee Steel. As he straightened up he realized that he held a fortune in his grip, that it had fallen from the hand of the lady in the limousine. His problem was to return the ring to its owner as soon as possible. Joe Carson did not think of anything else. An honest workingman, a common kind of American.

There was a cab stand back down the boulevard, just behind the street-car safety zone. Joe headed for it on the run, keeping the blue-white glitter firmly hidden in his grimy right hand.

"Buddy, you step on 'er," he chattered at the first driver. "Ketch me a black limousine. She's a Aragon. I'll set with you and spot 'er. Let's go like hell. I-uh-got a message. 'Portant message."

While Joe chattered, the taxi-driver was starting his motor and shifting gears. He hit the intersection with the light change, but he sent his bus plunging on, wheeled it out to the speed lane, and roared into the chase.

To the driver the chase was a thrill, but nothing unusual. To Joe Carson it was a lightning flash and thunder peal over a grim, gray level of workaday years.

As Joe gripped the seat with his left hand—he had jammed his right into his coat pocket to keep his find more secure—and steadied himself in the lurching cab, he became imaginatively aware of the break in his luck. Being

what he was, Joe did not see the break as a probable reward for the restoration of the ring. The image that shone up to enchant his hope was anything but materialistic. Long ago his hopes and dreams had receded to the immediate circle of his everyday hours. He lived only in family and shop.

But even in that common circle he was nobody much, a breadwinner, a machinist's helper. Nothing had ever happened to him, nothing at all. In his social hours — neighborhood visits, lunch-hour gabfests—Joe was always a listener. Every other helper in the gear shop had been through some tremendous experience, had lived his one grand hour, had his one story in which his soul might expand and shine above the common lot for brief but consoling moments of glory.

There was Bill Beatty. Bill's big hour had struck when he was a boy in Buffalo; he had been in the line of handshakers when the anarchist shot President McKinley. Leon McNaboe had been a plasterer's apprentice in San Francisco at the time of the big exposition there, and he had helped put up the famous Tower of Jewels. Mote Fuller had lived through a monstrous Mississippi flood. At least twenty of Joe's mates had been in the thick of the world war. Even Steve Czrsjewski, the shop sweeper, had a big story of starvation in a potato famine.

All had a grand hour to remember, all but Joe Carson, a streak of gold in the earth of common days. Joe had never seen a man die. He had never been in a first-class fire, nor been held up, nor been hooked in a blind-pig nor shaken the hand of Babe Ruth. He didn't even have a smashup to tell about when the shop talk at noon

swung around to cars. Ordinary motor accidents had entirely missed him.

He was nobody. Not the least shuck of a story to relate about himself when men were talking to make themselves known. Just a plain plug, to his family, to his shop-mates, and to himself. That hurt most—to be nothing but a plain plug.

But now Joe Carson had a break.

Wouldn't he bulge the eyes of the gear-shop bunch tomorrow? Just wouldn't he, though! And Cora—she could already hear Cora bragging him up to the neighbors when she was home from the hospital: "Mis' Crouts, did you year 'bout the amazin' thing that happened to Joe while I was laid up? You did? Well, don't it just beat all? My, that man, I don't feel like hardly trustin' him out of my sight any more, the way big things has took to happenin' to him nowadays—"

Yessir, family history was being made for the Carsons this night. Something had happened to Joe Carson that he could tell about to the end of his days, that his children would relate with pride long after he was dead and gone.

A break at last.

"Say!" The exclamation from the taxi-driver rasped through the rosy haze. "Say, fella, I know that bus. Custom job, b'longs to Sanford Scutler, the banker. Say, fella, you wouldn't kid me, would yah?"

The black bulk of the Aragon shimmered in the glow of corner lamps a block ahead. The limousine was turning to the left from the boulevard.

"I ain't kiddin' nobody," declared Joe stoutly. "I got a message for him—Mr. Scutler."

"Okay, buddy. I just don't wanna get tangled in no racket."

Joe's exultation boomed and blazed higher. His break was even grander than he had imagined. Sanford Scutler was one of the biggest names in the big town of Menominee. It was always in the newspapers. A bank president. A big real estate man. A big stockholder, a director, in Menominee Steel. And here was Joe Carson, the plain plug, chasing Sanford Scutler, the big shot, to return him his lost diamond ring. Only it was probably Mrs. Scutler's diamond. But Mr. Scutler filled his vision, the famous Sanford Scutler—

The cab swooped into the side-street after the limousine. Joe's imagination, now flaming to the dizzy heights, visioned his name, his picture even, in the newspapers. The story might be told over the radio. His ears grew large and hot from the notion. He seemed to hear the roar of a loud-speaker—"The diamond was recovered by Joe Carson, Mr. Joseph Goslin Carson."

He peered intently through the windshield. The limousine was swerving into a driveway from the street. The battery of green-and-red tail-lights vanished in shadows of shrubbery. The driveway swept to the illuminated porch of a great house.

The taxi man slowed down cautiously amid the shrubbery. He shot wary glances at his passenger. This wariness and doubt were somewhat justified, for Sanford Scutler's realty operations had collapsed and wrecked his bank. Yet he held a fortune secure, in Mrs. Scutler's name.

His passenger, the driver decided, was no crook, but might be a nut, out to put Sanford Scutler on the spot.

He braked his cab down a hundred feet behind the motionless limousine.

"Here's a good place to turn," he said. "I'd just got a call out this way, so I'll ramble on. The ticket says seventy-five clinks."

"That's all right," Joe muttered feverishly, scrambling out. He had eighty-seven cents in the left pocket of his pants, and he dug out the cab fare without showing his right hand. "Thanks, buddy," he said, and ran for the porch.

The cab backed and then shot down the driveway.

Had Joe paused to consider the matter, he would have admitted that he owned as fair a right as anybody to a grudge against Sanford Scutler. All but fifteen per cent of his savings had vanished in the crash of the Scutler bank. Still the savings were nothing to brag about, an average of ten dollars per year for his twenty years of labor. He was simply unable to feel money. That same lack of material values prevented him from blaming the loss of an equity in a home on the Scutler Realty Corporation. In the depression he had not been able to keep up the payments demanded by his contract. It was tough, but a man just had to take it, forget it, and keep working.

But now, for a meager moment, the gray skies were alight. Exaltation shone from Joe Carson's lined and soot-flecked countenance as he ran up the steps behind the Scutlers. The limousine was drifting on around the driveway. The three were alone, in the soft glow of the entrance lamp.

Mrs. Scutler was the first to turn and face Joe Carson. Her eyes stared wild-

ly from a haggard face, her hand trembling violently on Scutler's arm. Terror clamored in her at the sight of Joe Carson's harsh and shabby person. The threatening letters—

"Take it easy, Evelyn," said her husband quietly. "I'll handle this fellow. Just wait aside, please."

Joe halted on the top step. Sanford Scutler faced him, his lean, hawk-like face set and gray, as though carved from chilled steel. His eyes stared unwinkingly at Joe's pocketed hand. His own hand gripped his stick for a fencer's thrust and parry.

Joe Carson was too deep in the hot haze of his exaltation to notice the threat. His eyes blazed from their sooty hedge of wrinkles. He licked his feverish lips. His spare shoulders lifted. The machinist's helper looked the famous banker in the eye, man to man. He spoke in a great voice, the masterful voice that Joe was used to hearing from the loud-speaker.

"Mr. Scutler," said Joe Carson, "I found your diamont. I picked it up, Mr. Scutler, when your missus dropped 'er and she rolled to my feet. Right smack-dab in the gutter at my feet, Mr. Scutler. And I brung 'er right off in a taxi."

Now the stony eyes blinked. The hard features relaxed. The grip on the stick slackened. Joe Carson unpocketed his hand, extending it, palm upward, the full length of his arm. He almost bowed, like a fancy actor on the screen.

"It's true, Sanford!" came a tremulous gasp from near the door. "My solitaire—and I'd never missed it—and the guard—"

"I found 'er, ma'am," exulted Joe, "smack-dab in the gutter!"

Scutler's eyes searched Carson's face.

His gaze darted to the dramatically extended hand. He plucked the ring from it.

"Thanks," he said crisply. "Decent of you." He paused, his eyes boring Joe's. "What's your name?"

"Joe Carson, sir." Joe automatically responded to the voice of authority, the tone of command. His hand fell limply. He saw the light failing into gray. Feebly he resisted. "Mr. Joseph Goslin Carson," he amended assertively.

"Employed?"

"Yes-uh-yes, sir."

"Where?"

"Menom. Steel," Joe droned, sinking. "'Chinist helper. Gear shop."

"Married?"

"Wife 'n' four children."

"Very good. Now then, Carson." Scutler's executive-to-underling tone and manner were perfect; he clipped out words like steel chips from a cold chisel. Now he paused, figuratively holding up the hammer, while his eyes measured Joe; then: "I'll reward you, of course. But first I demand your promise that you will speak no word of this to anybody, not even to your wife. Understand me, Carson?"

Joe gulped, his knob of an Adam's apple bobbing convulsively in his lean throat. For a moment revolt flared up in him. He had some claim to decent treatment when he'd done a man a favor, he thought confusedly. Mr. Scutler had no right to stop him from telling how he found the diamond. He certainly had a right—

"Hear me, Carson?" Scutler began to twist down the screws. "You'll make that promise, and keep it—if you keep your job. Speak up."

"Okay, Mr. Scutler." Joe spoke up in his shop mumble, the tone of apathetic assent to the orders of the boss. "I promise okay."

"Good. Then—by the way, you haven't already told someone?"

"No, sir, Mr. Scutler."

Joe Carson shambled down the porch steps with five twenty-dollar bills stuffed in a trousers' pocket, knowing he would never get another break like this one. No sir, not much, he thought dully, only once in a lifetime did a man ever get such a break.

"I just fumbled it," mourned Joe. "I just somehow fumbled 'er."

"... and was it a break for me that one of our fellows from Menom. Steel chanced to pick up the solitaire!" Sanford Scutler, relaxed, mellow and genial from a rich dinner, a soothing cigar, and the companionship of his one crony, was confidentially relating the adventure of the evening. "Imagine, Burton, how the local rags would have plastered me with the sob story 'Honest Worker Returns \$30,000 Diamond to Head of Wrecked Bank,' or some even more insidious headline. Now, Burton, when the depositors are beginning to cool off! The damnable sensationalism that men in our position are forced to tolerate! I sometimes think that a Hitler . . . I must forbid Evelyn to display her jewels for a time . . . yes, her nerves, and she's reed-thin. . . . Just a spot of Scotch, Burton, just a spot . . . Eh, by the way, old chap, this fellow Joe Carson. He's in the gear shop. I wish you'd make a memo for the supervisor that Carson is not to be laid off when we take up slack. Just a precaution . . . 'Banker's Wife Loses Dia-

mond in Gutter'—can't you see it, Burton? Phew. . . ."

A little man walked home. A little man in a seven-year-old suit, neatly patched, carefully cleaned, pressed on the kitchen ironing board. A little man who shambled; whose face as he passed under a street lamp showed the sooty pores that marked the mechanic; whose laborer's hands were half-closed as they swung with his stride.

Joe Carson was again a common American workingman, one of millions, a man without a story. His break had come—and gone. A gray level of years behind him. The same ahead. Same old story. Over and over. Round and round. Nothing ever happening he could talk about.

And this here hundred. Now he had to buckle down and bother himself about what he'd do with this here hundred. Being what he was, Joe Carson's first simple thought was to pay something on what he owed. The hundred would never cover a third of it. He guessed he'd just have to scatter the hundred where it would do the most good. Had to use the hundred that way so Cora wouldn't learn about it and nag him into telling. Cora had no

head for figures. Figures made a dismal cloud in Joe's head too, but he managed all the family's business.

He figured now as he tramped along. Le'ssee. Payday eight meals off. 'Nuff car tickets. Rent two months overdue. Been stalling the milkman off for three. Thirty dollars coming due with the loan sharks—better pay all that and get shed of interest. Pungle twenty more at the outfitting company, and kids could have new credit on some school clothes. Slip twenty to the kid doc who tended Cora—he was pretty good for a kid doc. And them little bills—gas bill, water bill, light bill—been letting the light bill run, don't know how much, for they won't shut it off, kids in the family—and almost forgot Leon, been owing Leon McNaboe six bits for a month. . . .

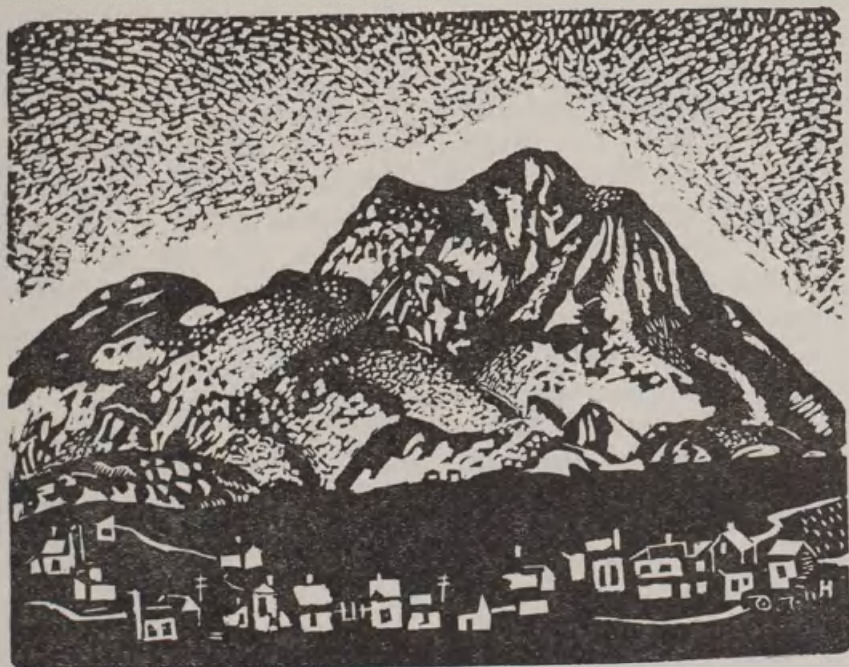
Joe Carson walked in a thickening cloud of figures until his head began to throb. Instinctively he groped for an emotional relief. His heart yearned back to Cora. "Jeez, the poor kid. Them gas pains, I hope they let up on her. . . ."

The narrative grows drab and dull, common. Joe Carson had got his break, and it had failed him. He was no longer a story. He was simply life.

INDEFINABLE

LONNA POWELL STAAH

Love is
Intangible
Yet utterly binding;
Making all slaves, and none of us
Minding.



Woodcut by Charles E. Heaney

MAN SWINGING A HAMMER

JOE HANSEN

IF the weather hadn't changed, most likely we would have hitch-hiked to the railroad before the rainy season ended and left the government to figure out for itself how it was going to get those bridle trails dynamited out of the cliffs in southern Utah. But the climate there is just as strange as the scenery. When the sun finally did cut loose on the clouds, it cleaned away everything but the cliffs, and no more rain fell for three months.

That sun would have heartened anyone. After four months of listening to the river grinding boulders in the bottom of the canyon and the rain slashing down like heavy varnish from the cliff colors, whipping at the willow trees on the river bank and ripping away at the

tar paper on the barracks roof, that common sunlight looked mighty good to all of us. Good, clean, common sunlight. It helped my painting too. I could keep canvas dry, and the seams in the cliffs were more definitely seams; the shadows were sharper, giving the colors of the rock a washed fresh quality like wet paint.

Probably it was the sun that made my picture win first prize in the last exhibition at the state capitol. The day after Harry and I celebrated the advent of the dry season, I started that picture, both of us still drunk from the night before, perched three thousand feet above camp, where the trail up Chair Mountain makes a loop over a small thigh of buff sandstone.

That was the best job I did in the C. C. C., from the standpoint of anatomy and character. I painted Harry swinging a sledge. Most people notice the bright sunlighted effect on Harry's muscular back, which I contrasted against the soft purple shadow of the sheer cliff on Paint mountain.

Still a bit tight from sour wine, I liked the sun that day. My mind was clean as canyon air and purged of all unrest; and I really put more into that picture than was there at the time. I toned down bright color bands in the rock, making it look more like rock and darkened shadows on the Paint Mountain side of the canyon. Harry and Vermont posed for me right at the edge of the chasm, Harry shirtless for the sake of muscle effect, a hammer raised in the sunlight, the blue denim of his trousers working in nicely with buff sandstone and dark shadow across the canyon, and Vermont crouched below the hammer, turning the drill, his hands gripping the steel just above the shortened shadow of the descending sledge. Most people visiting the C. C. C. art exhibit at the state capitol catch their breath when they first set eyes on those fellows working right at the lip of the precipice.

Harry was a good subject that morning. His body was as trim and lean and tan as a mountain lion and his head was well set. He didn't look very much like a drunkard, more like the Spirit of Industry. It was almost grotesque to remember him weaving around the dance floor at Torridville with a gallon of southern Utah's sour red wine poured down his throat and a dazed grin on his face like a bull hit in the head with an axe. I've tried to paint his face several times from memory

with that dazed expression covering it, but I'm not good at painting without the subject before me in the flesh. His face always slips away as soon as the brush touches the canvas, and I end up with something different. To someone else the finished job looks all right, but I don't care for any of my paintings that miss what I set out to get.

There was no one stronger than Harry in the entire C. C. C. It was good to watch him swing a twelve-pound hammer, whirling it lightly, the muscles in his back rippling like the back of a tawny animal, cracking the sledge square upon the head of the drill, catching the rebound lightly. The whole action was as easy and neat as if he had trained like an athlete for form; and seven hours of that work in a hot sun only primed him for a Torridville drunk.

That night we celebrated the end of rain, we rode with Paul Kaiser in one of the company trucks down to Torridville. Paul was driving into Salt Lake for supplies and slipped us inside the truck for two-bits. He was always easy for a ride even though it was against rules, and he could use the two-bits for a hair cut which he needed badly.

The sun was just setting when he let us out near the clump of willows where the muddy yellow of the river circles from the wash into the green fields about Torridville, and the cliffs of the plateau which our canyon gashed were bright vermillion and the whole sky a flame of plum and red. The relief we felt in the wide expansion of that valley, in the escape from the oppression of towering canyon walls, was like a shot of wine in itself; and the breeze from the craters and crimson

lava of sunset across the valley was as soft and sweet as only a valley breeze can be at evening and sunset. We climbed through a barbed wire fence and cut across a few fields of alfalfa to the edge of town. The ground was still damp and soft from the rain, and I noticed a few mushrooms swelling their white enamel through the dark soil. The smell of those mushrooms was a rich frosting on the smell of alfalfa.

The town too smelled different from the canyon. There was nothing of the hard sandstone of wet rock and roiled flood water, but the sharp tang of manure and the lowing of cows heavy with milk. At Campbell's grocery store and fountain counter the single lamp over the door burned in the cool darkness below the giant willow tree, and there were four or five fellows who had come down about noon from camp, loafing, waiting for the dance to start.

They were glad to see Harry, for it would be a different dance if he was there. They might even get thrown out and the fight would be good while it lasted. They had a gallon of wine on the counter which we helped them kill, and I bought another gallon from Ly Campbell to hold us through the evening. Ly had sold enough of my colored photographs of the canyon to the early season tourist traffic to pay for the liquor and I invited him to a drink. I've always held that it's a kind of insurance to make your bootlegger drink his own liquor.

Southern Utah wine has about the same taste as high-grade vinegar and lands in the stomach with a thud. It feels like something on fire and if you can hold it down till it catches on, has somewhat the same effect. By the

time we were ready for the dance, Sid and Walton were out cold on the church lawn; I was numb from the knees down; and Harry had pulled up three posts of a pole fence and tipped over two privies. We laughed like darkies on a spree, reeling through that quiet little Mormon town, swinging a gallon of sour wine between us.

In Torridville, according to government statistics, the average size of a family is eleven. Folks believe in large families and in the outlying districts away from Salt Lake still practise their beliefs. All the male children pull out as soon as they are old enough to work in the mines in Nevada or Arizona and that leaves the town top-heavy with girls and women. I never saw women as splendid in body and general proportion as these Torridville women, nor as hungry for men. When the camp was first set up, the government had three trucks go down to Torridville to bring up whoever wanted to see the finished camp and dance in the mess hall. The trucks came up loaded with girls, giggling, laughing, dressed in new party dresses, excited and flushed and every one out to get a husband. It didn't take them long to get acquainted with the C. C. C. boys, and it didn't take those boys, most of them dredged out of slums, long to lose their inferiority complexes. The fathers of the girls were glad too, and grateful to the government for this opportunity to marry their daughters to fine young men who had passed all government examinations and requirements. After about three months of reciprocity, first shipping girls to the camp and then fellows to the dances at Torridville, the better families bustled their daughters to relatives farther

back in the mountains and the entire older generation complained to the government and stopped that genial exchange of social amenities between the camp and the town. The population of Torridville must have increased that year at a faster rate than any time since polygamy.

Harry was never bothered over lack of women. Even at school dances in the city I remember what a gay dog he was around the female sex. When we staggered into the dance, dragging in the smell of our wine with us, four of the best looking fastened on to him and for the rest of the evening it made me dizzy to watch him.

What a dance that was! The orchestra called themselves the *Southern Harmony Crooners* and was composed of a drummer who could play a banjo; a pianist who was rather musically limited as he played the jews'-harp only passingly fair and the piano no better; a trombonist who was the leader and really elite among the musicians of southern Utah as he was expert with cornet, harmonica, and saxophone in addition to a very mean trombone. Their common denominator was three pieces, *Moonlight and Roses*, *Sleepy Time Gal*, and *the Naughty Waltz*. I never heard them play anything else at any of the dances I went to, and they no doubt had good enough reason for not being able to play more; none of them could read music and played according to ear. Sometimes when the evening was young and everybody energetic, it was hard to hear their music over the thunder of heavy shoes and threshing legs on that pine floor, but after the orchestra warmed up and had a quart or so of sour wine rolling around in their insides, they really

went to town. They played each number in a time somewhere between slow fox-trot and fast one-step, depending on how they felt and how they got together; and they repeated each number until the applause died down. Every once in a while they slipped into a langorous waltz that laid the girls panting on the shoulders of their partners. No dance-hall ever showed its patrons a better time.

Harry stumbled about that floor in his olive drab uniform, his legs treading a measure as light as anyone could holding that much liquor, one of his hands on the rump of a blonde, his other hand, after the Torridville style, high in the air swaying above the sweat and dank hair on his brow. He did a fine job of gazing into that girl's eyes, her lithe body pressed tightly to his; and they wove about the floor, stepping on feet and crashing into couples at every turn.

It wasn't long until I was shoving about in my own haze with people sliding into each other in a running together of color and lights and some girl pressing against me, coming up hard with a vigorous hip movement each time that wicked trombone blared. She was not of the Torridville elite. I could smell that she milked cows, and a smell like that never induced love. Harry and his fair Torridville product passed from my view and I didn't notice that they had gone out until I saw them come back in, maybe an hour later.

I had just got rid of the dairy attendant and was standing out this dance by the coolness of the door. Harry introduced me, and the girl smiled out of a dark pair of eyes. They both looked flushed. I had to laugh

at the expression on Harry's face and his sly wink to me. The girl shook my hand like a good Joe, mostly because I was Harry's friend, I suppose. I tried to keep from grinning too knowingly, and watched what I was saying, although my face felt numb and bubbling with laughter.

The orchestra leader saw them come in too, and his long bray on the hot trombone ended the dance. While the drummer twisted the keys of his banjo to the one-finger notes of the pianist, the leader sauntered through the storm of chatter and laughter up to Harry and the girl with that haughtiness proper to a leader who is famous for his ability to play four different instruments, single time or double time.

There were no words between them that I could hear. The girl pressed her fingers to her mouth in the approved feminine fashion during a fight. Harry swung from the knee up, a good clear whistling crack square on the musician's jaw; and that ended the dance.

In no time the constable had spit out his gum and Harry had enough sense to refrain from bringing the constable's teeth out after it. He was an old man, anyway. There were a few shrieks from the girls and a commotion of movement behind the constable brusquely and competently running us both out of the dance-hall.

Outside it was cool and dark and the night was studded with stars and wrapped in a cool breeze. My head felt better, and we found the gallon jug where we had left it, cached in a thick growth of peppermint in the vacant lot at the side of the frame hall.

Harry sat down in the weeds and drank out of the bottle first. I could

hear the gurgling of sour wine and the singing of crickets and the deep boom of frogs. He handed me the bottle and laughed, rocking back and forth in the aromatic peppermint. "Did you hear his teeth click together when I hit him? You ought to hear his teeth click together. Oh, it was funny." He laughed, rumbling the laughter in his chest.

I took a goodly load of the wine. "No, I didn't hear his teeth click together. I saw his bow tie fly untied."

Harry laughed at that picture until he lost his breath rolling in the peppermint. "God, it was funny. How can it be so funny? . . . Do you know what, they soaked me four-and-a-half for losing that rain-coat. You can buy that same coat at the army and navy store in Salt Lake for twenty-five cents. Four-and-a-half. The very same coat. God, that's funny . . . " His open mouth spewed out laughter. "They pay a guy thirty dollars a month and deduct four-and-a-half for a rain-coat . . . and last month fifteen dollars for an overcoat and three-and-a-half for a blanket . . . and yeah." He leaned toward me and I could see the dim whiteness of his face, strained with laughing. "Remember that swell speech the doc made, that swell army doctor? How we was to come to him no matter what was wrong or how little? That guy must lay awake nights thinking up wisecracks. Do you know what he done? Do you know what he thought up? I had the belly-ache after I ate that last batch of beans. How was I to know if they was poisoned? And do you know what that crazy doc did? Fifteen others had it too, and we all went to the doc and do you know what he did?" He whooped into a great bel-

low of laughter, rocking back and forth on his heels. He wrapped our bellies up in bandages . . . Yeah, all fifteen of us."

After we had stopped laughing and had another few drinks, Harry started again, only this time cursing the C. C. C. and the rotten food, and the trails nobody would use because nobody would be dumb enough to go where they led, and the trails the government ordered us to start and then ordered us to abandon, and the deductions for lost and stolen clothes, and the crazy doctor, and the army running everything; but especially he cursed the rotten food and the rotten cooks and the rotten pay and the deductions. And after he cursed everything he could think of worth cursing, he tore a gate off the hinges and beat it to pieces over a cement culvert under a street lamp. "Do you know what we ought to do? Do you know what we ought to do to show the army? Let's wake up those rotten cooks and make them cook us a feed tonight. Sure, let's wake up the cooks . . . That's real funny."

"What about K. P.?" I asked, thinking about those fifteen-hour shifts washing crockery and too numb in my thoughts to think of anything that would really hinder him. K. P. wouldn't mean anything to Harry, but it would mean three days at least for me with nothing accomplished but maybe cutting my fingers on broken glass. Harry had been on K. P. more than anyone else in camp, the first time for breaking a stack of plates with a twelve-pound sledge hammer just to see if they would really break, and the next time for throwing a cook into the river. That time was done purposely to get on K. P., however, so that he could steal a

couple of quarts of flavoring. He mixed a quart of vanilla extract with a quart of lemon, called it a cocktail, and served it in cream cups with crushed ice he stole from the meat refrigerator. There was never a more violent mixture served more daintily.

"To hell with K. P. I'll call a strike. I'll call a strike tomorrow morning and we'll see if I get K. P."

We walked the eight miles up that dark canyon and dim dusty road in a little more than an hour and it was about two o'clock when we slowed down for the barracks. The great towers of the canyon were silent against the stars and the camp was as dead as a graveyard. The bottle was empty before we left Torridville, but Harry had carried it all the way to camp so that he could throw it through the barracks door. He pushed through the dark shadows of the willows to the river and filled the bottle with water to give it weight.

He swung the bottle around twice before he heaved it at the door, and when it struck it sounded like an avalanche on a tin roof because Harry went through that door right behind it, taking the door with him, and falling with it flat on the floor. "Anybody want a fight?" he yelled. "Who wants to fight?"

Not a man in that dark barracks made a sound. I suppose they were all tired and didn't wake up.

"Who wants to fight?" He put so much wind in that yell it was a miracle it didn't split his throat. Only his early training selling newspapers saved him.

I could see him, a crouching patch in the dark. "Do you want to fight?" He smashed his fists down upon the

bottom end of a bunk and the whole bunk caved to the floor with an occupant still asleep in it. "No, you don't want to fight. You're sleeping. I wouldn't bother a man asleep for anything."

He cat-walked to the silent bunk. "Do *you* want to fight?" He yelled loud enough to blast the blankets off the sleeping figure. "No. He's asleep too." Wham! The crashing of that bunk sounded like half the canyon falling on the barracks. "I wouldn't wake up Jack Dempsey himself to see if he'd fight. That's bad manners."

Any minute I expected to hear the commander slam the screen door on his house and come cursing up the walk, but he too must have been very sleepy that night.

It took about ten minutes to break down every bunk in the barracks, and not a single sleeper woke up to inform Harry whether or not he wanted to fight. Each man snored restfully in the dark between his blankets. Harry dragged the three cooks out of bed and two of them in their underwear chopped wood for a fire in the big range, and the third brewed us some coffee and fried us the commander's t-bone steaks. He looked like something cut out of a mail-order catalog serving us in his long underwear, except that his underwear was more baggy, not as sleekly clean as Montgomery Ward. His old face graced that mid-night luncheon in the C. C. C. camp much more appropriately than it would have graced the pages where the great legion of smiling underwear wearers gather in their nonchalant company.

We stayed up all night, eating, cursing the C. C. C. and the rotten pay and the rotten planning of the government.

In the morning the first light of dawn woke up the men in the barracks, and they climbed out of their crashed bunks, amazed to find every bunk flat on the floor. Harry swaggered down the aisle between the half-dressed conglomeration of American youth, crouching, fists doubled, tossing his loose dark hair back from the early morning shadows about his eyes. "We're on strike today. The first man that steps out of this barracks, I'll drown him in the river."

No one showed up at the mess-hall for breakfast except the commander, the doctor, two surveyors, and a foreman. It didn't do them much good. No breakfast was ready. The cooks were in the barracks, not hungry enough to risk drowning, and Harry had stood the door back up and propped two bunks against it.

The commander came down the neat walk the boys had made, very erect and snappy in his uniform, his military face shining in the reflected light from the canyon walls now blazing in the morning light. "What's the trouble here?" he said with the crisp brusqueness of close-cropped hair and glistening Sam Brown belt. "What's the commotion? Where's the cooks?"

Harry answered him back through the hole in the door where the bottle had gone through. "We're on strike. Nobody leaves this barracks till we get better food and more of it and no deductions for lost and stolen articles." The hole in the door made a very jagged frame for his hard, bony skull and muscular neck.

The whole company held their breaths and waited for the explosion.

The commander's face set into a stern red. "What's the matter with

the food? I've not heard any complaint."

"Beans! Beans! Just back me up to a balloon!"

The commander laughed at that, studying Harry's face. "O. K. You boys have been pretty decent. Come on out and get your breakfast. We'll see what can be done."

Right there the commander showed that this was the C. C. C. and not the army. In the army, I suppose, Harry would have been lined up and shot for insubordination. Here all the whole affair amounted to was a break in the monotony for the commander. "I'll present your request about the deductions to the government," he said. "And moreover I'll use every influence to see that the government grants it. As you know, I don't make the rules or sign the checks."

The strike ended right there. Next day Harry was a straw boss with more pay, and nothing at all was said about K. P. For two days we ate like nabobs, fried chicken, canned fruit, fresh eggs, ham, bacon, coffee that tasted like coffee, fresh cream, butter that didn't taste like lard. And the doctor gave another speech about coming to him for the slightest scratch so that dangerous infection might be warded off. After two days chicken disappeared from our diet and at the end of a week we were back on beans and muddy coffee. Our strike leader never did hear from the government concerning our demands for no deductions.

A man with all the qualities of Harry would be the last man in the world you would expect to settle down in a town like Torridville, and Harry himself said that it didn't even occur to him to so

much as think about something like that until it actually did happen.

Sunday afternoon the day before payday, three months after our strike, I was working in the shade of a good-sized willow tree at the river, finishing up a color job of the canyon wall, Harry watching me paint in the pink sandstone at the base of Paint mountain, and telling him that any painting of a scene is an error. All you have to do to see something better than a painting of a scene is stick your head out of the window of the art gallery where it hangs. Da Vinci and Rembrandt and Velasquez aren't famous for their pictures of Italian canyons and Dutch tulips and Spanish trees along river banks, and they probably experienced weather and scenery as much as anyone.

A Ford touring car with a brass radiator and Egyptian fenders swung away from the circle where the flagpole stood before the mess-hall and the C. C. C. boys loafing in the Sunday afternoon shade of the barracks, matching pennies, telling dirty stories, talking about women, and ehugged across the grass, skirting Paul Kaiser and Paul Kaiser's hair curling over his shirt collar, and shuddered to a dying stop before us. Behind the three feet of dusty windshield, a mild-looking farmer with skin like a wrinkled squeeze of brown paint cleared his throat in back of a horny hand and settled the ragged gray felt back on his bald head. It seemed to me that I had danced once or twice at Torridville with the young girl in the red sweater at his side.

"You Harry Weaver?" he said to Harry, dropping one hand to the steering wheel and reaching at the same

time with his other hand for the strap that held the top to the body of the car.

"Yes," Harry said, leaning easily in his olive-drab uniform against the rough trunk of the willow tree, his face lighted by the reflection of sunlight from the river.

"I'm Ben Richardson." His voice was harsh like most farmers' but not unpleasant, the harshness being a quality of the work the man did and not a quality of his particular emotion.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance," Harry said, stripping off a piece of bark from the willow trunk.

"This is my daughter, Florence. Do you know her?"

"Well, she does look kind of familiar, why?"

"You didn't ever have any . . . personal acquaintance with her, did you?"

Harry looked her over and I could see his throat swallow. "Maybe I did at that." The strip of bark crumbled in his hand. I could see my picture wasn't going to be finished that afternoon and I screwed the caps back on the tubes of yellow and pink.

"You wouldn't mind marrying her, would you?"

In the front seat of that ancient Ford, beside the dark wood of her father, she was lovely in her embarrassment, twisting her hands in her lap, her face flushing red and white and tears in her eyes. I recalled that the night of the drunk, she was the girl who came in with Harry just before the fight with the orchestra leader.

"No, I don't suppose I would . . . I could come down tomorrow." Harry spoke rather haltingly as if he were having a little difficulty finding words to express his thoughts. "We get paid

tomorrow and I could buy a license tomorrow."

"I'll buy a license," Ben Richardson said. "You git in the car."

"Isn't it Sunday? You couldn't get a license today, could you? Tomorrow I'll have my pay."

"I'll fix up the license. I'll do the marrying. I'm the justice of the peace and the county clerk too. You git in the car." That farmer was mild only in his face and his rough voice. Underneath he was as hard as the buttresses of the mountains he lived below. He saw right through Harry too, and his attempt to gain time. By tomorrow Harry would be halfway out of the state. The inhabitants of Torridville were more experienced in the ways of the C. C. C. than when they sent the first truckloads of daughters up to camp.

Harry climbed into the car, looking at his betrothed with an expression between the open collar of his olive shirt and loose dark hair that made it hard for me to keep from laughing out loud. He was caught between his sympathy for the girl and her father and his habit of doing only what was pleasing to himself. He could always climb a freight, license or no license. If the girl was enough of a sport to do what she had, he ought to be enough of a sport to at least protect her. Anyway, a fellow might as well get married as stay in the C. C. C.—a wife couldn't be any worse than the C. C. C. By the time he had settled down for the ride I could see that he was ready to seethe into laughter at what a joke it would be for *him* to get married at the end of a shotgun.

Ben Richardson cranked his Ford; and as the thing shivered and trembled

and he climbed over the driver's side into the seat, I got in back beside Harry to act as best man. We shook down the canyon road, leading a considerable following of dust for such a spiritless and ague-stricken car.

That was as unostentatious a marriage as I ever attended. After Ben had given them to each other in holy matrimony in his front room with Joseph Smith and Brigham Young looking down solemnly from the wall over the piano, the girl's mother cried and hugged her daughter and hoped everything would turn out all right. All the younger sisters laughed and cried and gazed at Harry as if he were something captured from the Book of Mormon seated there nonchalantly on the green horsehair sofa beside his wife. The mother wasn't a bad number, something of a round plump face, and her kitchen would have framed nicely into a neat background for her clean-looking face and well-boned body.

By the next day Harry was out of the C. C. C. and settled with his wife in a two-room frame house out on Ben Richardson's farm for the honeymoon. I visited them several times before my enlistment was up; and they seemed

very much in love, gazing at each other with expressions that still delight me to remember, and laughing at each other's remarks.

I painted up the wedding scene as well as I could recall it, leaving out the flustered quality that somehow seemed to go with the situation, making Harry very composed and handsome, his bride dark-eyed and beautiful in a clean-cut style, and the brown of Ben Richardson's face toned very effectively against the green oatmeal wallpaper. I used sunlight from the white starched curtains to flood the scene and give an artistic shadow depth, and presented the picture to the happy couple as a wedding present.

In camp, Harry's wedding spread like brush fire, and everyone staggered under the shock; even the skipper himself looked stunned. A man like Harry seems beyond the common failings. I suppose it was a good thing. Because there was no one to throw the cooks into the river to teach them cooking, the quality of our food declined considerably, but I got in a lot more time painting and sold enough scenes to pile up a nice stake, besides winning first prize at the state capitol with my picture of Harry swinging a hammer.

BY WHAT BIT OF THREAD

G. ARMISTEAD KAUFFMAN

By what bit of thread
is my life inextricably woven

by what precise pattern
is my destiny plotted

By what shaft of light
am I constantly blinded

in what colorless shadow
do I grope, stumble, fall. . . .

False Front



Woodcut by Charles E. Heaney

CROWS

FLORENCE BREHMAN

Five men sitting on a bench
In a park,
Unsheltered and huddled together,
Heads between their shoulders,
Hands deep in empty pockets,
Legs drawn under—
Neither awake nor sleeping.

Five old crows
Perched on a fence that marks a cornfield,
Harvested and spread with snow.

WITCH'S CHILD

ELEANOR GLENN WALLIS

The witch's child put an eye to the crack.
Her mammy and granny, naked and black,
Had taken the rabbit's fat from the shelf
And each in turn was a-rubbing herself.

With whited eyeballs she watched them sway
Shaken by a rhythm supple and gay,
Her mammy and granny, chanting low:
Up and out and away we go!

The witch's child, through a crack in the wall,
Saw her granny wafted, black and tall,
Up through the chimney and her mam follow after,
Higher than the bat on the farthest rafter.

Restive, eager for the chimney-flue,
She took off every stitch from her shift to her shoe,
Rubbed with the rabbit's fat and chanted low:
Up and ABOUT and away we go!

But instead of being whisked up the chimney-shaft,
She found herself whirling—a thing gone daft—
Round and round the cabin with no power to stop,
A-thumping and bumping till the sun came up.

Next night she listened harder than before,
And after they vanished, slipped through the door,
Rubbed her with rabbit's fat and chanted low:
Up and OUT and away we go!

In a trice she was lifted from the chimney-stone
And into ole marster's paddock blown,
But her mammy and granny had taken each a mare
And the May-born yearling was the only one there.

This filly had been neither shod nor broken;
She was wild as a killdeer by every token,
But a witch's offspring is seldom halted,
And blithely to the yearling's back she vaulted.

Gripping her firmly with thin brown knees
And thighs as limber as sapling trees,
She twined her thumbs in the outblown mane
As they whipped past tobacco and sugar cane.

Madder than her mammy and just as bare,
Cockerow had caught her on the yearling mare,
But the farthest meadow was bound by a creek
That rippled in blackness, cool and sleek.

Now the May-born colt has a strange dark need
To lie in water, nor will she heed
Voice or urgent whip, but must lie and roll,
Bitten by desire beyond control.

So before the witch's child could whimper or scold,
Her mare, snuffing water, got down and rolled. . .
Rolled in the stream while the witch's daughter
Struggled in coils of chill black water.

Lithe in water as an ebon coot,
She clutched the prong of a twisted root,
Scrambled to her toes and shook the drip
From shoulder, bosom and gleaming hip.

But the frosty brook in which she fell
Rinsed from her mind the rabbit-spell;
Her mare ran riderless down the road,
And far away the first cock crowed.

HIGH PASTURES

WALKER WINSLOW

They got their mounts the hard way,
on the high pastures,
where the sun was always an hour late,
and went under an hour soon.
A million or so hairs all linked and looped
(a riata they called it)
sufficed to snare some leaping roan—
with skill that lazy legs can urge
when walking's hard and slow and rough—
and so, they got their horses
on the high pastures the hard way,
and rode them into romance
when living got too tame
for some desk-tired guy,
with a riata of words at hand,
looping a couple of wild roan thoughts
in the high pastures of his mind.

AT WINTER EVENING

CARL BULOSAN

Slowly it crept, slowly, so slowly it leaned against the evening wind;
It silenced the others, other slow things, slower with rain
And the fiery tongue of earth; and all these are voices from the ground,
The black subtle ground, like children's noises deepening round by round:
This is the luminous breath of winter returning; and these sounds, wail
Of a thousand little things paned under snow, moved and kept still. . . .
But while the old men fumble in their seats, awakened, stirred, remembering—
the young men sit unmoving, look at the reddening sun, thinking. . . .
Snowflakes eddied in the air, dropped, released from rain and wind;
While the rain beaten by the wind hummed a monotonous song,
Its drones and underdrones drummed under the trees; and the long
Night hailed them from the dropping wall.

How many lonely young men witnessed this whiteness without end?
And this white evening, how many lived in it, shall live in it again?
Men, young no more, cannot think, can only remember;
While these young men think of evenings they have not known, will never
know—

Think of a grass laughing in snow, or the softness of a hand. . . .
These they never knew, but think of them above the fading land;
And they are old now as old as the old men remembering September,
How it was that month, how the orchards hung heavily that September.
They remember the names of streets, towns, states; they remember faces;
They remember deep eyes, roughened hands, lean mouths, and other traces. . . .
And the sun sinks in the west, and they look at each other's faces,
Saying nothing, but always wanting to say: *Lightless. At last this is peace.*
Lips moved, trying to shape a thought which will never be shaped, traceless
With words or pictures, even if the night is day again, forsaking
The snow and the winter pastures; where leaves fall down screaming—
Screaming at the fingers of remembrance, remembering:

At winter evening the young men sit unmoving, thinking of evenings
they will never know, how many white evenings. . . .

MY DEAR, WE'RE BOTH SO SORRY

MARY FASSETT HUNT

KATE waited discreetly until the postman had vanished around her neighbor's hedge before she went out for her letter. When she saw it was from Lillian, she said to herself, "I told you so!" Then she took it to the garage where Stan was painting some book-shelves, and perching herself on a box, read it to him.

"Pathetic, isn't it?" Kate said. "She knows Jim was here."

Stan held his brush up, admiring his last slap of paint along the wood. "Sure," he said. "Can you imagine Lillian's 'pining for a glimpse' of just us?"

"No, she shouldn't put it on so thick."

"That's the trouble with Lillian; she never could be herself. Jim's straightforward."

Kate was silent, thinking of Lillian's meticulous house and flawless clothes, her rigid efficiency in everything. "Stan, don't you think tidy, capable people get awfully bossy?" she asked, leaning her chin on her hand.

Stanley's brush stopped again. "What're you bidding for, geraniums? Your kind of housekeeping hasn't impaired your lust for power any."

"That's beastly unfair! You know I never boss you. Even Jim said I was too lax."

"Filthy double-crosser!"

Kate sighed. "When I think of the wife you got! What did you ever do to deserve me?"

"Shut it. How'll we entertain Lillian? Talk about Jim?"

No, Kate felt it would hardly be proper to converse with a divorced wife

on the subject of her ex-husband. But thinking of Jim and Lillian as divorced still gave her a chill. "They'd be married eight years," she said, half to herself.

"Well, at least it's over." He sat back and studied his paint job. "How does this look, Kate? Like that shade of green?"

"Beautiful," she declared absently, recalling what Lillian had once said in a moment of anger at Jim: "He never really told me he loved me, Kate. Don't you think a man ought to tell the girl he's going to marry that he loves her?"

"Jim's Scotch, isn't he?" Kate asked Stanley. Funny, she'd never thought of it before.

"You can't trace everything down to that," he told her, wondering what was going on under her smooth brow. "The Scotch are the most romantic people on earth. Take Bobby Burns."

"He was a poet. They don't have any nationality." A second later she asked, "Stan, did Jim really love Lillian?"

But he was in his most annoying mood. "My dear, when it has been proved in a court of law that a man is incompatible with a woman, who am I to say whether he loved her or not? The law's the law, Kate."

"Who cares?" Kate slid off her box and started up the back path to their home. The sun was high; the heat lifted the fragrance to her of yellow lily cups beside the path. Two were open; and in a mood to loiter there in the sun, she bent over and picked them. Her feeling of contentment and peace

suddenly demanding expression, she threw back her head and gazed into the Bristol blue of the sky, "Oh, Lord, if you are really up there, how happy I am!" Then with a sigh she thought of Lillian.

That's how it had always been with Lillian and Kate; Lillian made her ashamed of being happy. Once all four of them had been on a boat, sailing along the South Carolinian coast, Lillian sea-sick, nauseated, lying in her bunk. Jim had brought Kate and Stanley in to see her. Kate remembered how sorry she had been for Lillian, how very much she had wished Lillian looked prettier there before them all. When they were leaving, Lillian had begged Jim to stay and read to her; and Jim had distressed Kate with his brusque answer, "I can't do it, Lil. I'll be sick too, if I stay here."

Trivialities from the first with Jim and Lillian, Kate thought, walking on. If a kiss was given, Lillian had given it. Any woman resents having to do the kissing. Further, Jim had never responded properly to such advances. Often Lillian had gone to him and pulled his head down to her lips, and Kate had turned away from the sight of his obvious recoil: "Don't be silly, Lillian!"

"I love embarrassing Jim," Lillian would say, laughing brightly, a shade too brightly. Kate's heart had ached for her, filling with indignation at Jim until he teased her in his mildly ironic way and had her laughing with him and wondering why on earth Lillian didn't handle him better. No one could help being fond of Jim, she thought; only it was a pity he couldn't be a little more the way Lillian wanted him.

When Stanley came in, Kate said, "Stan, I can't believe Jim didn't say anything to you about their divorce, the real reason for it. It's beastly of you not to tell me."

Stanley was filling his pipe from a leather pouch. "Now Kate, if Jim told me anything it would be in strictest confidence; you know that."

"Oh, so he did tell you something!" She seated herself on the arm of his chair.

His eyes were inscrutable. "If he did, I wouldn't tell you."

She knew he was teasing her. She felt sure Jim had not confided his troubles.

"Wouldn't you give anything to know?"

"Not unless they wanted us to."

"Oh, you're not human—no curiosity without permission."

"Naturally."

Lillian arrived the next Saturday. Kate met her at the train alone. When they kissed, she sensed a repellant tearfulness about her. All day Kate had nervously wondered what would be proper under the circumstances, not sure whether to face the situation directly with some tactful remark, such as, "Lillian, dear, Stan and I are both so sorry about everything." No, that had sounded almost as if Jim were dead. Something more casual, less tense, might do it: "Well, Lillian, now that you're not burdened with all the complications of a husband—" But she had rejected that flippancy. Stan's facetious suggestion had been, "Well, Lillian, now that Jim has put you back into circulation—" leaving Kate furious at herself for remembering it every few moments while she waited for Lillian.

She had made up her mind to say nothing; but Lillian's manner so plainly indicated the woman bereaved that she found herself glibly reciting, "Lillian, dear, Stan and I are so sorry about everything."

A sigh fluttered Lillian's perfumed breast. She was always beautifully outfitted. "I had an awful yen to see you and Stanley, Kate dear," she said, much too tragically.

Kate felt all the implications of drawn shades and lowered, sympathetic voices. She would scarcely be out of place if she murmured, 'My dear, how natural he looks!' But she said, "We're so happy to have you, darling. And it's a beautiful time for you to come. The roses are all ready to open in your honor."

On the way home, weaving the car in and out of traffic, she chattered along, describing their garden, Stan's schedule of work, the kind of food she planned for Lillian to eat, asking her preferences, until they were coming to a gliding stop in front of the house before Lillian had an opportunity to ask casually, "Has Jim visited you—since?"

"Since!" Silly word, Kate thought, finding it hard to keep her sympathy for Lillian. Dissemblement annoyed her. She would have respected Lillian infinitely more for acknowledging that she and Stanley knew perfectly well why she had come to them. She said:

"Yes. He was here last month. I thought you would know!"

Lillian sighed, then vouchsafed: "No, I know nothing of Jim's comings and goings these days."

Kate breathed wickedly to herself, 'Alas, alas!' And she could think of

nothing at all to say until Lillian asked from an even deeper mournfulness:

"I don't suppose he mentioned me?"

Kate thought, 'Did you come all this distance just to ask me that?' Instead she said as gently as possible: "He didn't talk about old times to me at all."

Leaving the car, Kate showed Lillian her room, cool and green with branches beneath the windows, and the fragrance of spring blossoms drifting in from the garden.

"This is delightful," Lillian said, finally shedding her role of resignation.

"I wanted you to like it. We did the house in green because of our hot Southern sun later in the season."

"Is this the room Jim had?" But Lillian asked it quite naturally, so it was not difficult for Kate to answer as naturally, "Yes, it's where we put all our extra-special guests."

Lillian turned from the window, slowly pulling off her gloves. "Is Stanley as sweet as ever? You're so lucky to have married a man like that, Kate!"

It was the Lillian of old, envious, wistful, ever ready to contrast her lot unfavorably with Kate's, making Kate feel as if she had no right to home or husband or life, with Lillian so sadly bereft.

"Stan's a darling," she said, wishing he would come home and help her with Lillian.

"Yes," Lillian said, taking off her hat and fluffing out her hair, "Stan's a darling. You never had the problem I had, Kate, you know—Stan always so lovely and attentive to you in every way."

"I can't complain of him too much," returned Kate lightly.

"And you know how it was with me," Lillian continued. "You know how thoughtless Jim was of me, how he'd never put himself out in any way. You remember that, don't you, Kate?"

Kate was uneasy, nervous under Lillian's gaze. Before Lillian came she had wanted awfully to know the details of her break with Jim, but now she felt a foolish, frightened kind of embarrassment, and she longed for the safety of her room away from Lillian's bitterness, away from anything Lillian might tell her. If only Stan would come, she thought; it would take Stan's quiet irony to deal with Lillian now. She said, "You're tired, Lillian. Let me leave you a while to rest. We can talk later."

"Yes, that's quite all right, Kate. You mustn't let me interfere with any of your plans."

Kate felt she had been brusque, perhaps unfeeling, and she said warmly: "Lillian, darling, as if I'd let anything in the world prevent our having a good visit! But you do look tired and I was afraid it was a strain for you to talk just now."

She kissed her before escaping into the hall. Closing the door, surprised to find her breath coming faster, she spoke to herself firmly: 'You're being sappy, my dear, terribly dippy and sappy.' Then she looked up to see Stanley entering the front door.

She put her finger on her lips and got him noiselessly into their room, where she flung her arms around his neck and stood on tiptoe to kiss him, laughing a little while she rubbed her head against the roughness of his coat.

"Have you gone nuts?" he asked. "What the hell's wrong?"

"Lillian! She's here and I really think she's heart-broken, but I feel so queer and embarrassed with her. I've needed you, Stan. You're so much saner than I, darling."

"Well, it's nice to come into my own this way, but what about Lillian? What do you mean?"

Feeling how impossible it was to convey to anyone an experience of repulsion, she said, "Stan, you've got to be awfully nice to her; we both have. You're going to hate lots that she does and says. She's brooded herself to the place where she's lost track of good sense or good taste, and we've both got to be—just sorry for her."

"Instead of disgusted with her?"

"That sounds mean, but it's almost that."

By lunch time Lillian had explored the garden. "It's nice," she told them, sipping her iced tomato juice absently, "except that you've missed such a wonderful opportunity with your iris, pushing them off to one side in a bed that way instead of standing them along the fence. They'd look so sweet just under those white pickets."

"Naturally," Stan said, with a shrug.

Lillian smiled wistfully at him. "You and Jim are so much alike. It was never surprising to me that you were fond of each other."

Kate thought of how often Lillian had pointed out the great differences between Jim and Stanley, and she grew even more ashamed of Lillian's bare attempt to keep Jim's name in the conversation.

"We've known each other a long time," Stanley said.

Lillian leaned across the table, her chin hard. "Tell me something, Stan-

ley. When Jim first told you about me—before we were married, I mean—what did he say about me?"

Good Lord! Stanley thought, appreciating fully for the first time Kate's embarrassed dread of Lillian. He found himself looking down, evading her harrassed look.

"Why, I don't remember, Lillian. It's such a long time ago now."

"But try to remember," Lillian urged, her voice high. "It's awfully important to me, Stanley."

Ill at ease, he looked across at Kate for sustenance, but she was staring down at her cup. It was true he didn't accurately remember Jim's first remarks about Lillian. "I couldn't possibly tell you exactly what he said. I remember he said once, rather casually, that he expected to be married, and he told me your name."

Lillian's face was absorbed. Kate watched the strangely glowing power of her eyes.

"Is that all?" she asked Stan. "Didn't he give the least hint of me?" There was an insistent, monotonous quality in her voice, oddly irritating.

"Why, no; he said you were congenial, that you'd worked together very well."

There! Kate thought, now you've done it. Why didn't you embroider a little, make up something, anything?

Lillian laughed jerkily. "Doesn't that sound passionate though, Kate?" she demanded. "Don't you love a man that wants to marry you because you're congenial and because you work together so well?" She gave the words an evil emphasis.

Stanley got up. "Lillian, your nerves are simply whipped down; let Kate put you to bed till tomorrow.

You're heading for some kind of breakdown if you're not careful."

Her face, parchment thin, took on added sharpness when she turned it up to Stan. "Sit down, Stanley. It's no use telling me to go to bed. I've been in bed. Bed won't do me any good now. But there are things I've got to know, things maybe you and Kate can help me find out if you only will."

Stan sat down. "You know we will, Lillian, if we can. But I swear Jim didn't confide in us. He's not the confiding sort."

Lillian said quickly, "No, he's not. You may not think he told you anything—but there may have been something you don't realize that would help me terribly."

"But what sort of thing?" Kate asked. "And why do you keep on caring, Lillian? Build your life over again without Jim."

There was a silence in the room while sheer green curtains blew across the window-sill. A train whistle shrieked a long way off.

Then almost in a whisper, her head bent so low that she might have been talking to her heart, Lillian said: "I can't. I thought for a whole day once that I could—but I can't."

They looked at each other, Kate and Stan; and for some reason Kate put her hand to her face and pressed the cool hardness of her wedding ring into her cheek.

"No, of course," she said, "of course you can't."

"It's why I've come," Lillian explained, lifting her head. "I've come to find out if there was ever anything, anything at all to make me think he loved me once. Because if Jim really, truly loved anything or anyone I think

he'd be fundamentally loyal. Somewhere in him there'd be something he couldn't quite give up, even if he wanted to. Isn't it so?" She looked from one to the other.

Stan was silent, remembering something that sealed his lips, something that would deny from the housetops this prejudice of Lillian's concerning Jim's loyalty. He was remembering coolness and wind and the smell of late autumn over the brown stubble where he and Jim were tramping; he was recalling the shock he felt at Jim's voice: 'I sold my horse today, Stan.' Then he could hear his own words come faltering out, 'Your horse? Not Ladybird?'

'Yep. Got too good an offer to turn down: \$700.'

'But Jim, that horse grew up with you—I thought you loved her.'

'I do, but she's getting old, and seven hundred dollars looks mighty good.' . . .

Kate said gravely, "It's not always a question of loyalty with a person, of course."

"No," Lillian said. "But I mean if once he loved me, really loved me—but the trouble is I'm not even sure of that."

Ah, no, Kate thought. You were never sure of that, poor dear. And, in a latent, small whisper, Nor could I have been sure.

Stan said: "You're willing then to begin all over again with Jim? You won't admit the thing is a lost cause?" Kate didn't miss the note of admiration in his voice.

It seemed characteristic now of Lillian that she hesitated in a kind of burdened caesura before making an answer to any of their remarks. This habit of lining them in silence gave

her words a deep significance. Her faint shrug and the slow downward motion of her eyelids helped also in dramatizing what she said as she responded to Stanley's question: "How can I believe in lost causes?"

But Kate was not moved now as she had been a moment before by Lillian's baring of her heart. "The instant it became effective her exposure seemed cheap to me," she told Stan that night in the privacy of their room. "I couldn't forgive the atmosphere of footlights, and of course perfect honesty is the only thing that would condone Lillian's exhibition of frankness."

"That's just where you're wrong," returned Stan, irritated. "Even while suffering the profoundest grief people tend to become theatrical. Part of it's for the sake of relief. I think Lillian's grand; she still loves Jim and she doesn't care who knows it. Jim's a damned fool to give up a woman like that!" He dropped one of his shoes on the floor as if for emphasis.

Kate turned from brushing her hair and looked at him. "Well, Stan, it's certainly interesting to see your transformation into one of Lillian's admirers. I seem to recall that you once felt very differently about her." The brittle crust that hardened her voice caught even her own notice. Why, I'm mad at him, she thought with astonishment. I'm mad at Stan and jealous of Lillian because he's sorry for her. The discovery was a shock. You're no better than a savage, she told herself, worse than a savage because you've only been pretending a sympathy you didn't really have. Savages at least are honest. Is this all there is in women, she wondered out of the black-welling futility in her. Are we all only fun-

damentally selfish, interested in ourselves, feeling ourselves rivals against each others' security and destiny? She dropped her brush with a sharp thud onto her dressing-table. "Forget I said that, will you, Stan?" she asked quite coolly. "It was contemptible of me."

Stan, who had been brooding on the diplomatic merits of several remarks he might make in what he recognized as an emergency, began to applaud softly. "Her better nature will master her yet," he intoned like a prophet.

"Possibly," Kate said, sighing with Lillianesque pageantry.

There were several days of Lillian's sad cadences filling the air of the house, of her haunting eyes glowing at them while she conversed on one subject, Jim, making endless plans for the recovery of what they all knew she had never had. It was wearing on Kate and on Stan, whose sympathy was near to exhaustion. After all, there are only a few fitting phrases for a bereavement, and when they have been endlessly repeated, it is expected that the stricken one will have severed his connection with grief. Nothing is so dis-

turbing to the peace of a house as the presence of continuous heartbreak. Stan felt this more strongly than Kate, who was goading on her tenderness for Lillian with every passing moment. But the day of her departure at last arrived. Her train left early in the morning so that both Kate and Stanley were her farewell attendants.

"Keep me informed of anything you hear of Jim," she begged them not for the first time, "and if you see him, say all the good you can of me."

"You don't have to tell us to do that," Stan told her with a gallantry born of coming release.

"Oh, Stanley, you're such a darling!" She put up her face to be kissed before turning to Kate.

The sweetness of Kate's goodbye was a little forced. But with the dwarfing of Lillian's train in the distance she felt a new peace in returning alone with Stan to their cool green home. As their car followed the familiar road she slipped her hand under his where it lay across the wheel. He glanced around, meeting her smile.

RARE LACE

LONNA POWELL STAAB

The sun
Knits quivering lace
In dappled black and gold
Through latticed limbs and leaves, that can't
Be sold.

EARLY DECEMBER DUSK

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

At dusk a chill wind drove a scud
Over fields of rutted mud
Spiked with stubble; aimless crows
Wove a drab design through rows
Of deserted corn tepees.
Under boughs of leafless trees,
Apples dingy with decay
Carpeted the brittle clay.
Wax berries rusted by a fence;
Firs and cedars loomed against
The sky in misty ceremonies.

Suddenly a lantern's spark
Glimmered, star-wise, in the dark;
And a lively whistled trill
Betrayed a lad who climbed a hill
By a ribbon of a path,
Frost-white in the aftermath—
His footsteps, as they bore him home,
Crunching leaves, crumbling loam—
Then laughter; then a closing door;
Then silence and the dusk, now more
Drear and lonely than before.

PRELUDE

LAWRENCE A. HARPER

Sharp on the hill's red shoulder
where the sun leans
heavy with sleep
the tone of a night lament rests,
and leaps again,
and silence sheathes
the echo,
silence

here there is dark when the heart cries. . . .

TIDES

FANIA KRUGER

While Mammon's silver ships are flying,
I hear the hungry children crying,
I watch the famished workers dying.

Within my veins their blood is flowing,
But where is love when the wind is blowing
And the tides of hate are growing, growing!

ALL-AMERICAN

H. W. WHICKER

I SHOULD never of taken Doc to that rasslin' match in the Garden, the other night after he got in on the *Normandie*. But then you don't generally expect such tangles; and besides, he had to find out sometime anyway, so I guess there's no use lamenting. Just, the same, I'll never forget it. That's the tough part. We was old friends.

You know what rasslin' is, these days. They don't stall around no more, and pull a lot of fancy stuff you can't appreciate. They give the crowd what it wants. Throw each other out of the ring. No rules. Anything goes. Dish out blood and thunder. Grunt and groan. Sleep in the same bed afterwards. That's the fun of it. They're smart. That's why I like it. Take this Greek, Londopolis. Just a carnival ham-and, a few years back. Glad to work a couple of hours for the price of a meal. Now he's a millionaire, and in these depression times. And old Strangler Ludke. Just a tub of lard. Old as Methusalum. But he can act—make faces, register agony. Wallace Beery nor no other Hollywood star's got any-

thing on him. It's an art, you see—a show. You got to be plenty ugly to play the part. Some of these old war horses that go punch-drunk and goofy in the fight racket, and get their noses all plastered out of shape, and their ears hunked up like garden cauliflower, and look like gorillas, drift into the rasslin' game and make good at it. I could name fifteen or twenty, and some of them the best showmen we have. They're always thinking up new stunts to fool the crowd. I remember when they put chemicals in their mouths to froth what looked like blood, and spat out Boston beans for teeth—only that got old. There's the old Mobassa Mauler. He's generally in there to referee and take a sock at them. The crowd likes to see him sock, even yet. It's rich—a fashion. Everybody goes. But then I'm a bug about it—always have been. I'm for anything that looks like a scrap.

Of course I didn't tell Doc anything about this background. Wanted him to enjoy it and think it real so he could get heat up a little. Knew this match would be a good one. Papers giving it a big play. Count Von Klackenschmidt,

the Nazi Assassin, and Bull Kartge—winner to get a crack at the champ. That Count! He's a card—monikle, little waxed moustache, grin like a cheetah in the Zoo at feeding time. Wears his monikle right up to the time they start them off. The American public never would stand for a monikle. He packs 'em in. Half the Kikes in Manhattan would be there to see Bull kill him. Some real thrills. Kind of a tonic Doc needed.

Funny how life slips up on you from behind. Took more than a quarter of a century to figure out that *frame-up*, and me elected all the time to spring it off. You see, Doc and me used to room together in college—at the 'U' back in the years around 1909 when he was a medic, and about all I cared for was football, general skullduggery, and getting hauled up on the Green Carpet regular. I always said there was things more important in college than books.

But not to Doc—not him. Queer duck, back East off of some stump ranch in Idaho. You're only young once, but he couldn't see it. No sense of humor. God but he was serious—even then. Spent all his time cutting up cadavers, fiddling around in the lab, and cramming his head full of stuff about medicine and surgery when he should of had a little fun and done something for the Old School. That's the tragedy of it. He'd of been a wonder, back in the old flying-wedge days when anything went. Big. Six feet four in his socks, weighing about 240. Built like Hercules. And fast—natural speed. Kind of a fellow you find out in the Western mountains, and nowhere else.

We used to try to get him out for the Team; but you couldn't reason with

Doc—waste of breath. Too stubborn to see that the 'U' had to advertise, like anything else. How was she going to boom her enrollment, and get more funds, and build new buildings, if she didn't have a winning team and keep her name before the public? Why, loyalty like that didn't mean a thing to Doc—not to Owen Warner. He told us that a university using a football team to advertise education was in the same class with a patent-medicine colonel hiring a gymnast to do hand-stands and turn flip-flops so's he could sell his remedies to the rabble. Of course talk like that didn't do him any good on the Campus. He wasn't the kind you get close to anyway. You never gave him a nick-name, or clapped him on the back and called him Owen—it was always Doc. He didn't care a rap about popularity.

And yet, I kind of liked him, and went on rooming with him because nobody else in the House would—even if I was captain and quarter the last year. That's how I got to know him. That's why I stuck to him all these years. That's why I blundered the other night and took him to that rasslin' match in the Garden.

Well, to make matters worse, he got to stepping Carolyn his last two years. I could see they was both hard hit from the first. In a way I don't blame him—every man to his taste. I could of gone for her myself—on the looks side. She was tall enough to be stately, and the kind of a face you see in an old time painting of a princess, and a swell dresser. But she went in for what she called aesthetics—art, music, literature, dramatics, philosophy, and the like. I can pluck a pansy, but I don't care none for a rose. She was cold. You

couldn't get close to her—not even a kiss, so talk went on the Campus. Bad combination, Doc and Carolyn. He was going to cure all the world's physical ailments, and she was going to be a kind of spiritual doctor to it, and write essays and novels on the significance of life and living. Ideals, they called it. We knew they was crazy. By the fall of Doc's senior year he didn't even know where the Team finished in the Big Three, but he could tell you how many women in America died annually of cancer and give you the death rate on most other diseases. And Carolyn talked about the law of the tooth and the fang, and dragging medieval concepts of economics and sociology into a modern machine age, and refining the public taste, and kicked because a nigger like Jack Johnson got more money for his fights than the President. Nothing practical about her. She thought civilization was heading for destruction. Doc and her was certainly two of a kind. Well, a day or two before commencement they was married in the House, and we gave them the kind of a send-off we'd of given any of the others.

Now when you get out in the world, and life kicks some sense into your head—like it done in mine in this stock and bond racket—you generally forget the foolishness you learned on the campus. But not Doc and Carolyn. They was going to make the world a better world. Just as serious as they was in college. None too easy for them, either. First thing, along in 1911 Carolyn had a baby, a boy, Stephen—but I always called him Steve. Not so lofty. It hit Carolyn pretty hard when he came. Never got over it. Never will. She

may hang on for years yet, but she'll spend the rest of her life in bed or a wheel chair. I'll come to that later.

I don't know why Doc didn't try for a practice in Boston or New York, or some place where the big pickings are, instead of going back to the little Idaho town where he grew up in. Funny what happened, too. He begun to find out a lot of things about cancer. Always was a crank on cancer. His mother died of it. They'd bring the miners to him when they got crushed in the mines. Seems he could straighten spines, twist joints back in place, and make crippled kids walk again, and the blind see, and do a lot of things no other doctor could do—anything but set Carolyn on her feet. People got to coming to him from all over the West, then all over the country—thousands of them. I could see it was a pretty good thing, so a year or so before the war, when I got on the inside of some watered stock for a couple of millions, I built him a clinic on Lake Coeur d' Alene. We could of made a mint out of that clinic. I wanted to incorporate and put on a national advertising campaign about all the things the lake water would cure, and expand into a big health resort and tourist attraction, only Doc had no business judgment. He said there wasn't anything in the lake water but trout. If people couldn't pay, he'd fix them up for nothing. I kicked plenty; but Doc's Doc, and that's that.

Same when the war broke out. With all the wounded coming back from France and him in charge, we could of turned the clinic over to the government and cleaned out millions—like I done in the aircraft racket. But instead of that he went over there as an

army surgeon and spent two years working his heart out for a little bit of nothing. And then he came back to the clinic and Carolyn and started right in where he left off. No practical sense. Went to seed on ideals in college. An education's more than books and study. You got to get along in this world.

About eighteen months before that rasslin' match in the Garden something went wrong with Lucille—she's my wife. Kind of a tumor in the breast, near the heart. I spent thousands of dollars on the biggest specialists in New York and the East, but they shook their heads and said an operation would kill her. They gave her six months to live, so I took her out to the clinic as a last resort. I was in there, that day. Lucille wanted me, and Doc said I had to. I don't know why. All I done was set there limp and faint, with a cold sweat on me. They tell me Doc couldn't stand to see people suffer, and that he was always nervous and shaky before a patient went under the ether, but you'd of never known it, once he stepped in the operating room. His face settled into a kind of inhuman calm, like he could hold back death itself. I can see those big hands of his yet, fingers long and more like a piano player's, steady, swift, and sure—cutting, snipping, stitching. No, you don't forget things like that. Couldn't see him after it was over—not till night. He had four other major operations after Lucille's. Well anyway, she lived. And that's why I've gone on paying the bills. Just sentiment, I guess.

I don't think Doc ever took a vacation. He figured his time away from the clinic in terms of human life. Worked every day, year in and year

out—not even golf. When he did get an hour or two, he spent it with Carolyn and Steve—mostly with Carolyn. If it was sunny and warm, he'd carry her out on the lawn and prop her up with cushions, and they'd set there and talk the stuff they was crazy about in the old days. Or if it wasn't on the lawn, he'd be at her bedside far into the night after a hard day—and the same kind of talk. Every morning, winter or summer, there was fresh flowers in her room; he put them there himself. She was everything to him—she is yet. Guess he never looked at another woman. I can't understand it—a big, healthy man like him, and not much of a body left on her. But it's the truth. I know. I used to visit them regular, on account of the clinic and the bills.

Trouble with them, they didn't know how to raise a boy. From the time Steve was a little fellow in curls and velvet he was always at Carolyn's feet. You know how a kid will ask questions. Well, she'd answer them—every one. When he wanted to know how he was born, she told him—tied it up with love and made it more beautiful than some of the children's tales they'd act out together in dialogue. They had a queer way of going through the Greek myths. They'd dramatise them and play the parts. Same with stories from the Bible. You couldn't get Steve away from Carolyn. Why when he got to the age when he should of been out playing with other kids and getting his nose punched, and punching somebody else's, he'd be on the lawn with her where it looks out over the lake and the St. Joe hills, or in her room listening to talk about God and the Mystery of Life, and how the stars got their

order, and the flowers their color and composition, and the things she claimed was beautiful and good. It wasn't natural. I felt sorry for him. I used to send him the kind of toys a kid ought to have, a football and helmet, a punching bag and boxing gloves, a rod and a gun, or a baseball and a bat; but he scarcely touched them—not then.

I'm giving it to you straight. Steve and his mother was inseparable. By the time he was ready for high school, she had him reading Shakespeare, and Keats, and Amy Lowell, and tripe like that; and he could paint water colors of the Coeur d' Alene sunsets, and play the violin—high brow stuff. I'll take jazz for mine. But then, I'm human. No way to bring up a kid. They got to be hard. They got to do something so's the gang'll like them.

Doc thought it was the real thing—this beautiful and good of Carolyn's. They never let themselves out, all because their home life had to have the kind of atmosphere that would unfold what was beautiful and good in Steve. You should of seen Steve's manners. He got them from Doc and Carolyn. Always up in the clouds, they was. Too good to be true. I admit it. Ideals, they called it.

I don't know what would of come of such foolishness, if a live wire coach hadn't taken hold of Steve in high school and made a backfield man out of him. He was pretty lonesome. High school kids nor no others'll take to a kid like he was when he started in. But you see, Steve was big for his age—like Doc; and about the first time he smacked the line for a gain, the stands let out a yell for him. That done it. He took to the crowd's applause like a duck to water. Kind of a reaction, I

guess. By his senior year he was the best high school back I ever saw. Whole team in himself. Doc and Carolyn was pretty sick about it, but they said little—just tried to make Steve's home associations more of what they called the beautiful and the good. Their way of fighting it out, I guess. Steve was to think for himself and live his own life, but they figured that what they had kept before him would stick long after he had forgot the other.

That's where I stepped in. When it came time for him to graduate, they was going to send him off to some quiet little college you never hear of, so he could go on with what they thought was life, and be in the right atmosphere for reflection, and have no distractions. But if a man can't be loyal to the Old School, he don't amount to much. I knew Steve belonged to the 'U,' that he ought to come back and kind of make up for what Doc didn't do, back in the old days. I talked to him. I sent the coach out in an airplane to talk to him. Some of the other old grads got in touch with him. It worked.

Steve and me got to be great friends. I'd slip him a thousand or two now and then, because Doc never did have money. And when they elected him captain in his junior year, I gave him a classy roadster. I thought as much of him as if he was my own son. I took in all the big games. Sure was a treat to see him in there. They used him to pound the line, and to back it up, and to circle the ends, and punt and pass—everything. He was their whole offense and defense. When he smashed through center, it looked like a box-car had left the track. He could rifle passes half the length of the

field, right down an end's throat, and lift an eighty yard punt so high the forwards would be there waiting for it. That last year he brought the 'U' her first Big Three championship. He made every all-American selection at fullback.

Now an all-American place is nothing to be sniffed at. I tried hard enough in my day and couldn't make it. But Doc and Carolyn couldn't see it. They said Steve had gone to college for his spiritual unfolding in a civilized day, and the 'U' had sent him back a football player. They was off the 'U' for good. I tried to reason with them, but they never could see things in the right light. We was pretty cool for a while before Doc operated on Lucille.

Here's what happened—I guess they blamed me. Steve got an offer to play pro football, a grand offer that meant ten thousand a season. Doc went white around the mouth when he heard about it. He pointed out the sacrifice Carolyn had made to bring Steve into the world. He said Steve owed life something more than the brute side of his nature in cheap spectacles for the mob. He said Steve had broke his mother's heart.

Steve had a lot of Doc's stubbornness and temper, and maybe too much of his mother's pride. No red-blooded young fellow's going to take stuff like that anyway. One word led to another. They had a break. Steve packed up and left.

Steve was just as good in pro football as he was in college—even better, and a big drawing card. Doc should of had a little sense, but he never did. Well, Steve hadn't been in the pro game long before the fight promoters

got after him. He might of been champion, only they rushed him along too fast. He had size, strength, and speed—and a real fighting heart. But all he could do was slug. He didn't have the experience—that was his trouble; and not having it, he took some tough beatings. After a few fights, he was just a trial horse. The Ambling Alp pawed him into a pulp. A little later a Boston Irishman knocked him cuckoo in the first round. That ended Steve's fight career.

Now you'd of thought he'd of patched things up with Doc and Carolyn, but he didn't—not Steve. I wrote him about it. He wrote back and said he couldn't face them—not now. Silly! You see, Steve had pride. And so when Doc got in on the *Normandie* from Europe the other day, we hadn't had a word from Steve in three years. He just dropped out of sight—completely.

Well to get back to that match in the Garden. You see, Doc had been over to Vienna to deliver a series of lectures on cancer to a kind of international congress of the medical profession. Funny about that trip. He didn't want to take it, didn't want to leave the clinic and Carolyn; but it seems what he had been doing in cancer and other things had made a name for him all over the world, and the government sent a representative out to Idaho to tell him the trip would be the best thing possible for international relationships. And it was. The papers was full of him—like when Lindbergh flew the Atlantic. Crowds followed him in the streets. Most of the cripples in Europe headed for Vienna. On his way back he had to meet King George and get some decorations pinned on him. He was a guest of the

French premier, and the French government sent him home on the *Nor-mandie*.

I went down to the dock to meet him—that is, when I could get past the reporters and news-reel men. Sure gave me a shock. He had faded away to almost nothing—just a skeleton. Gray. Looked old and worn out, and kind of dazed.

He had made up his mind to catch a plane for Idaho right away, but I talked him out of it and took him out to our place on Long Island. I never mentioned Steve. That's a touchy subject between us. He said Carolyn was about the same, according to cables and a telegram he'd just got. Trouble with these intellectuals is, when they can't make life a Utopia of their own, they crack up inside. I could see there was something gnawing at him, and that he had to get his mind off of things, so I said:

"Doc, what you need is a doctor."

He grinned a little—same kind of a grin he used to grin when I'd get after him about going out for the Team, back in the old days.

"And I'm it," I said. "You're my patient. You need some excitement, and you don't know how to get it. You've got to relax. You never learned to play. That's what's wrong with you. I'm going to take you to a rass-lin' match tonight—"

"I'm really not interested," he said.

I kind of expected him to go on and tell me such spectacles didn't belong to a civilized age, that they was a survival of the elemental and the brute—the foolishness he used to say about football. But he didn't. His mind was a long way off. I guess he was thinking

about the clinic and Carolyn—or maybe the other way around.

"There's a good one in the Garden tonight," I said. "Then tomorrow I'll show you some fun, take you through the Aquarium, and the Bronx Zoo, and climb the Empire State with you, and run over to Coney Island, and end up in a night club. That will make your blood circulate."

We argued back and forth a while. Finally he gave in—too tired to hold me off.

We got there early. I like to see the crowd drift in. We had ringside seats, where we'd miss nothing. I always make it a point to get the best in the house. The Garden was full to the rafters before the semi-final ended. There was a nifty little Junior Leaguer on Doc's right—I can see her chewing gum and scheeching yet. A couple of psychologists from Columbia had seats right behind us. They claim they come to study mob behaviorism, but I guess it's for the same reason I go. At least, it looked like it that night. Then in the rows around the ring there was big men from Wall Street, society people, city officials, a foreign diplomat, a jazz crooner, a trans-Atlantic aviatrix, an Arctic explorer, and the usual New York crowd. The stands was full of Kikes—I never saw so many Kikes—and Micks, and Wops, and everybody in fact.

They raised the roof when Bull Kartge crawled through the ropes, and he shuffled over the mat with his hands clasped above his head, shaking them, and showing his gold teeth. I don't see how they ever made a bathrobe big enough for Bull. He must weigh at least three hundred—sixty inch chest

matted with hair, neck like an Aberdeen Angus bull, legs like oak trees, and little, beady black eyes set close together in a face that gives you the creeps. Bull won't take no beauty prizes, but he'll probably be the next champ.

Then Count Von Klackenschmidt—the Nazi Assassin. Blood-red bathrobe, with a black skull and cross-bones on it, moustache, monikle, and all. Maybe you think the Kikes didn't give him the razz, booing him in Yiddish, holding their fingers to their noses like he was something putrid. He let on like he was exploding. He let out a roar, and three cops grabbed him. Of course, the cops don't fall for that stuff. They're in on it. They got to be. It's what the crowd wants.

When the Count vaulted over the ropes, Bull laid back his lips in a kind of man-eating snarl, and that set the Count off again. He tore into Bull with his bathrobe on, screeching and crazy, and swinging every way. It might of been a riot, only the old Mauler jumped in and tore them apart and pushed Bull to his corner. The Count wasn't satisfied yet. He bounced around the ring for a minute, jumping up and down like an ape in a tantrum, then he turned to the Kikes and bowed low over the ropes, that moustache sticking up on each side of his nose in a hyena look. And next, while the old Mauler and a flock of seconds was having a hard time holding Bull in his corner, the Count straightened up on his toes, pounded his chest with his fists, and yelled, "*Heil Hitler!*"

"The lousy bastard!" screamed the Junior Leaguer in Doc's ear, yanking off one of her pumps and throwing it at the Count. "Lynch the wretch!"

croaked the psychologists from Columbia, on their feet wild-eyed and tearing their hair. "Kill the dirty Hun!" roared the Kikes, coming down out of the stands, and the cops clubbing them back. Big time stuff, what the Count done—all a show. You'd think the crowd would know better. But the thicker they lay it on, the more the crowd falls for it. The air was full of cushions, flasks, and anything loose they could get their hands on. I nudged Doc in the ribs. One of his big hands lay relaxed on the knee beside me.

The Count and Bull pulled off their bathrobes. That Count was some showman, no mistake—you got to have a villain on any stage. Never seen a better one. About as big as Bull, but no fat. More of a chest and shoulders. Smaller hips. It was his face that got you. Stay in that racket a few years, and your own mother don't know you. Temple bones bashed in. Eyes just slits. Nose flattened out like an old shoe. Ears corrugated knobs of gristle on each side of his close-clipped, bullet head, and that monikle and moustache to top it off. No wonder the crowd wanted to tear him limb from limb. I did myself.

Well, the old Mauler motioned them to the center. This time Bull started it. He snipped off the Count's monikle and stomped his heel on it. They went at each other hammer and tongs, comping and grunting. Two cops grabbed Bull. The old Mauler caught the Count on the button and knocked him flat. That tickled the crowd. Somebody swept off the glass. I glanced at Doc, out of the corner of my eye. He was setting there stony still, looking at me and the crowd as if he was diagnosing some vile, incurable disease. Made me feel like a leper. I don't know why, but

I saw him strolling across the Campus with Carolyn in the spring, and I saw them out on the lawn by the lake, and Steve playing around them in curls and velvet. Felt a chill go down my spine.

Then they was at it—the Count and Bull. Bull hitched the Count in close and clubbed him over the back of the neck with his forearms in a series of rabbit-punches before he shoved him back and kicked him in the guts. The Count grabbed his middle and complained to the old Mauler—you could hear his German gibberish above the whooping of the crowd. The old Mauler told him to quit crying and rassle. He did. He lifted one from the canvas to Bull's chin. Then Bull complained, and the old Mauler told him to rassle too. The noise made my eardrums ache. I looked at Doc. His face was calm, the kind of a calm it had on it the day he operated on Lucille. I could hear Carolyn reading Steve that thing about going up in a swing, from Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses*. Kind of got me in the pit of the stomach.

But Bull was rabbit-punching the Count on the back of the neck again, and the Count was groggy. Bull backed off bellowing, lowered his head, and charged clear across the ring. He caught the Count in the belly and took him over like a sack. Bull backed off. The Count came up reeling. Bull butted him again—the flying tackle, they call it. Again he backed off, and again the Count swayed to his feet, and again Bull charged. Only this time he missed, plunging through the ropes, down in the ringside seats, dead to the world. The old Mauler counted him out. First fall for the Count. The way they work it. Old gag, but the crowd don't catch on.

That Count! He grabbed a bucket from a second, and took a big swig of water, and blew it up in the air and let it come down on him the same as a whale spouts. Ever see a little girl dancing round a May-pole? Well, that's the way the Count tripped along the ropes, blowing kisses at the Kikes. Believe me, he kept the cops busy with their clubs. And the psychologists from Columbia—frothing at the mouth, or almost. I mean it. And the little, blonde Junior Leaguer. I guess you know how a wild cat acts when a couple of hounds corner it. That's the way she was, eyes blazing, screeching, spitting, clawing, and trying to make Doc do something about it. Women is worse than men at a rasslin' match. No foolin' either.

But Doc. Wish I could of kept my eyes off of him. Every time I looked his way, I could hear the Kikes cursing the Count, and I could smell the smells of sweat around me, and the smells of beer and salted peanuts and pepsin gum on people's breaths; and I thought I'd choke.

Then through a haze of stale cigar smoke, their big bodies shining in the glare of the lights, I could see the Count tearing into Bull, pulling Bull's hair, clawing Bull's face, and wrapping his arms around Bull's neck in a strangle. The old Mauler had to cock his fist for another sock before the Count would let loose, and the cops was flailing away with their clubs to keep the crowd out of the ring. Just a blurr, it was—a swirl of shapes and sounds, Bull and the Count up, Bull and Count down—up and down, thump and thud, grunt and groan, screech and curse, and ten thousand voices howling for more blood and gore.

Then Bull had the Count under, clamping on a toe-hold. He'd put on the pressure, and you could hear the Count yell all over the Garden, and see him pound the mat, and get red in the face, and show the whites of his eyes; and the crowd pleading with Bull to kill him, to break it, to tear it off, and a lot of other things that, for once, made me shiver on account of Doc there beside me. Well, just when it looked like the Count's leg could stand no more, the Count gouged his thumbs in Bull's eyes and slipped out of it. They always let 'em slip out. It's part of the act. The Count could hardly keep his feet. Bull rammed him with another flying tackle and slammed him. The Count lay writhing and twisting. They had to drag him to his corner after the old Mauler tolled off the count. Bull's fall. One up.

You can bet the Count had no kisses to blow this time—not him. I turned to Doc. There was pity in the look he gave me back—a kind of quiet, smiling pity you get from a doctor who thinks you can't live and will soon be out of your misery. The way that Junior Leaguer was chewing her gum and carrying on, and the two psychologists, and all the others—and the noise they made, and the mob smells they had. God, I never noticed it before. It had always been fun, this thing. Doc's hands on his knees—so perfectly relaxed. His face—so perfectly composed. I guess he could of crawled through a sewer and come out of it clean.

But the Count and Bull was at it for the third and final. Bull picked the Count up and slammed him. The Count caught one of Bull's bare toes in his mouth and gnawed it like a wolf—until the old Mauler drew back with his right.

Then he slid out from under Bull, rolled Bull over, and had Bull's shoulder almost down. Almost a fall, only the Count jumped up in the air and came down with both knees in Bull's belly—twice. The crowd was crazy now, and it looked like a riot, only Bull crawled out under the ropes and saved himself.

Now right in a climax like that, the Count had to stand up, thump his chest with both fists, and yell "*Heil Hitler!*" again—way they had fixed the act from the first, I guess. And while he was doing that, Bull slipped back in through the ropes and caught him from behind, and had him up in the airplane spin, whirling him round and round, and the crowd on its feet in a roar like Niagara. Then Bull heaved the Count high over the ropes and crashed him down almost in our laps. The Count laid there like he was dead.

There was a rush our way. They couldn't hold the crowd back. Doc jumped down beside the Count so they wouldn't tear him to pieces. Somebody crashed a chair over Doc's head and shoulders, but it was like hitting a rock. No telling what might of happened if a riot squad of cops hadn't clubbed them back and started clearing the Garden.

I dont know how long it took—maybe a minute, maybe ten, maybe an hour. I dont know what Doc done, but at last the Count's big body began to twitching, and he turned his face and I saw him blink through blood.

"Dad . . . ?" He choked it out and went limp again.

Doc reached for his pulse again—kept on holding it. Never saw anybody's face so calm. Never saw anybody so steady.

I didn't stay. I couldn't. I had to get out and get some fresh air.

SAINT MIHIEL, MARNE AND PICARDY

FANIA KRUGER

"One two and three, one two and three.
This is the toll war took of me. . . ."

The mother croons a grim refrain
To the cry of the wind, to the tap of the rain;
For her heart is bare as an autumn field
Bereft of the fruit of its splendid yield:
"One two and three," her plaint runs on,
My David, Paul and Jonathan,
My three tall boys forever gone."

David died at the Marne and cursed the war:
"Damn it . . . what am I dying for?"
In the thick of fighting Jonathan fell
And Paul was gassed in Saint Mihiel:
"One two and three, one two and three,
Saint Mihiel, the Marne and Picardy."

Night does not bring forgetful sleep,
Nor can she quietly sit and weep,
Whose grief is like a sharpened goad
That plods her toward the murky road,
Chanting unheard the grim refrain,
To the cry of the wind, to the tap of the rain:

"One two and three, my life, my all,
My David, Jonathan and Paul,
This was the toll war took of me,
One two and three, one two and three,
Saint Mihiel, the Marne and Picardy."

DECORATION

THEODORE BRUMBACK

FEAR came to us with the first shell. From the dugout under the crest of the hill we heard it rush overhead. It burst in the valley a mile below, in the middle of the town we had passed through in the ambulance.

Others followed instantly. I counted the explosions; sixty, seventy-five, ninety to the minute. The town was enveloped in dust as buildings fell. How could men live down there?

"Take this," the doctor said in French. "You are white."

The half cup of cognac ran fire in my veins. "Will they attack?" I asked.

"Certainly. But it will do no good. Tomorrow things will be as before. Only fools and generals believe a modern war can be won."

The Germans shifted their range. Shells began bursting on the hillside. Metal fragments with jagged, flesh-tearing edges sizzled through the doorway and buried themselves in the earthen walls of the dugout.

Two bloodstained men were brought in. The doctor looked at them and murmured in his beard. Then he pointed to one, whom the stretcher bearers lifted, moaning, to a blanket in the corner. The other was hoisted onto the operating table—a stretcher laid over barrels. The candles blew and we held our hands to shield them.

A muffled explosion. The supports of the dugout sagged. A small shell. Direct hit. Anything larger would kill us all, we knew. But the large ones cost much money and the Germans were sparing of them.

In the noise we had to shout at one another. My driving partner made

signs with his fingers. I could not understand them.

When he had finished, the doctor wrote us a note which I translated:

"Be calm, America. You will not go out now. Soon the Germans will have no more shells and then you will go down. It is always that way."

I nodded. All right, we would wait. Someone gave me a cup of coffee strong with cognac. I drank deeply before I knew. Perhaps the French did go over the top drunk. I didn't blame them.

Stretcher bearers came with wounded. Ten lay about on the floor of the dugout. The one over there in the blanket in the corner was dead.

The wavering shadows of the candles made things unreal. I thought of the time my mind wandered in scarlet fever. It was so different. Only I was in bed and comfortable then.

Well, this was the long expected attack and we were caught. When the cognac took hold I didn't care as much as I thought I would. But I was frightened and only more cognac took the edge off my fear. And then it took more, and there came a time when I was quite sober again.

Night had fallen. Bursting German shells and flashes from our guns made the country stand out as in moonlight. The moon, herself, hid behind cloud banks. No enemy aviators would come to bomb tonight.

I thought of home. The nearness of death made me wish to hear English. Instead was staccato French, too fast for classroom experience.

How were we doing? Would the

line hold or would the Germans break through? Here under the lee of the hill we were just behind the second line. They had not far to come.

No one knew what was happening. Everyone talked at once. No one listened to his neighbor. I thought of a visit long ago to an insane asylum.

A non-commissioned officer entered. He spoke very rapidly. The doctor turned to us.

"They have broken through. It is only a question of time."

Well, all right. We would drink. The cognac bottle was handed around. The wounded, those who could, drank also. For them the war was over.

Again a muffled explosion and sagging of the dugout supports. We laughed for it was only a small one. Then we sang and lifted our glasses. It didn't matter. Let them come. One said it was better to die now. But we didn't think so. Better to live. The Germans liked cognac also. To hell with them. We didn't care. The sooner they came the better.

The noise ceased. We glanced at each other.

"They have been driven back," the doctor said. "But they will come again."

In the lull came more wounded. There was no room inside. They lay outside there on the hillside, waiting. If you had a hole in your side, you could only wait so long. Why weren't there more doctors?

"Major" I said in French, "We must go down. Give us a load and we will take them to the hospital and return for more."

The doctor nodded. "I suppose so," he said. "There are many more to come."

We went down, Ronald and I. It was quiet. The Germans had failed. But only by a little.

The ambulance stood there at the bottom of the hill, unhurt. Stretcher bearers came and gave us their cargo. The two above on the top stretchers called for water.

The road was pitted with shell holes. I got out and went ahead to find them. I signalled to come forward with my handkerchief.

A shell descended with a roar, exploding on the road just at the turn. I fell face forward in the mud. Ronald stopped the ambulance. Ahead was a French food wagon. The horse stood shaking. His wounds were pockmarked in regular spacing. The driver lay head down, reins twisted about his neck. We picked him up but he fell apart in our hands. Ronald held the torso and I the legs.

We left it there as another shell came screaming. Suddenly the motor died. I struggled to crank it. Another and another. I went forward and lay against the side of the banked road for protection. This couldn't last. Another, another, another. . . . Silence.

Ahead was the town. The road through it was blocked by fallen buildings. With our hands we removed debris, but still the ambulance could not go through.

An artillery man appeared and asked for an American cigarette and gasoline for his lighter. The Germans? Why, they were right back where they started before the attack. The war was getting to be a bore. Neither side ever gained anything. He was very young and should not talk that way.

Certainly he'd help. A sledge hammer would break up the big blocks.

The moon came out as we left. The white road ran into woods. In the trees my throat tightened. Ronald gasped. I was choking. In terror I reached for the mask, which was then only a piece of cloth soaked in chemicals. I coughed and fought for oxygen and my strength went away.

In behind were those who could not help themselves. The boy with the wild dark eyes died before I could find his mask. Afterwards I fell and couldn't rise for a time and my heart pounded and fear was upon me.

Ronald lay across the wheel. I pushed him aside and shifted gears in a trance. Somewhere ahead lay fresh air.

The engine sputtered. If it died we would have to carry those behind. I couldn't. I'd leave them. Anything to get air. Anything.

The motor ran haltingly and with little power. The car would go only in second gear, and later, only in first. And then it would barely advance even in first. Five miles an hour and death clouds closing in. Should I get out and run out of the woods? Certainly. And quickly, before it was too late.

I tried to rise but Ronald blocked the way. He lay across my knees, head down, fingers in the dust of the floorboards. Was he dead? I put my hand to his chest. His heart beat jerkily.

Well, could I leave him like that? I didn't know. Then I thought of that choking and I knew that I could. I strained but he was too heavy. Consciousness began to go. I only dimly saw the wheel and turned it automatically to keep from running off the road, which was now level. The motor began running better and I shifted to second,

thanking God to whom I had not prayed in years.

It was difficult to drive because of the darkness and the shell holes. Soon we would come to an open space in the trees I thought I remembered. I dared go no faster. One severe bump and the top stretchers might slip from their straps, as they had done before, throwing the wounded into the road.

When we reached the open space I took off the mask and breathed carefully. No gas. I turned and slipped off Ronald's mask. But it was too late. There were no jerky heart beats now. I couldn't weep, although I knew I should have. What should I write his mother in America? That I would have left him but for his unconscious weight?

No, I would not write that but it would be many years before I would cease to think of it. I would simply say that he had been slower than I in putting on his mask. Then I would tell her all the nice things I know about him, the things I should have told her while he was alive.

It was a great pity. He was to be an architect. Those long slender fingers already could draw. Now as they hung down, dead white at the nails, they were no different from those of any other corpse.

Suddenly in front there was a flash and a sharp, quick report. The wheel turned in my hands, and we were almost off the road. Ronald's body slid from my knees to the floor.

I bent over to lift it up. There were holes in the uniform through which torn flesh protruded, but there was no blood. There were no holes in my uniform. In death he had protected me as I had dared not protect him in life.

Water was spurting from the radiator of the car. Strange, the shell splinters had not punctured the tires also. When the water was gone the engine would heat and after the oil had burned up the cylinders would stick.

I didn't want this to happen. I wanted to get those two behind who were still alive to the field hospital. So, when there was no more water I got out and scooped up some in my steel helmet from the stream that ran beside the road.

With returned strength I lifted Ronald's body and propped it up on the seat beside me. Later, when we hit a bump, it fell toward me, a cold hand brushing my face. I shivered and pushed it away.

At the hospital the doctor congratulated me in English:

"You are very brave, monsieur. I will see that you are recommended for a medal."

"No, don't," I said. I felt weary and a little sick. "I am not brave at all. I am a coward. I would have left them to die."

But the doctor only laughed. Later when a French line officer pinned a medal on my tunic and kissed me on both cheeks, I said the same; but it did no good.

After that day I never wore the medal nor the ribbon that signified its ownership. Years later the medal was lost when we moved. My son never saw it. I would never have shown it to him, anyway.

GLOBE TROTTER

MARTIN SEVERIN PETERSON

CONCEIT is a trait well developed in the male of the species, but I have two friends who have cultivated the characteristic far beyond the average.

There is my friend J. Burleigh Swiggert, life insurance. I can't recall how or when I met him. It was years ago. I do remember, however, the first time I heard the loud clear blast of his horn. We had happened into the same restaurant one noon and, as acquaintances will, had taken the same table. No sooner were we well seated than wham! the trumpet was blown. I learned from his carefully planned monologue that J. Swiggert was the lad who won the conference track meet for old Mizzou

in 1923 by gathering singlehanded thirty-seven per cent of the points.

"I don't usually tell these things," he said apologetically, "but I noticed your gold football. It got me started. Solid gold?"

"I believe—," I began.

"Athletics are a thing of the past with me, though. Yep, the puppy grows into the dog. I'm lots prouder now of my Phi Beta Kappa grades in college than of my track victories. Yes sir. Phi Beta Kappa grades, but no key. Sounds fishy, doesn't it? But I didn't take enough courses in the right college, it seems, so they didn't elect me. My average was straight 'A,' though. And it's all down there in

black and white on the registrar's books—remember that," he finished challengingly, a slight glare coming into his bulging blue eyes.

"I had fair grades, myself, but—"

"I never talk about my college record, though. That's puppyhood stuff. World travel. There's something. I just have to pipe up about my four trips around the world. Have to, I tell you. When I run onto some fellow who thinks he's traveled around some, I have to knock his ears down a little. Self-defense. Ever traveled any? Traveling is my vacation vocation. Get it? Not a bad pun, eh?"

"I've been across Europe a few times," I said. "I can't maintain—"

"Brother, I've been from one end of Europe to the other eight separate and distinct times and spent four weeks in London. I know every restaurant that is a restaurant in every capital city of Europe. Call headwaiters by their first name from Rome to Stockholm. You fellows who Cook-tour Europe . . . Take Normandy, for example . . ."

Well, these were the preliminaries to a travelogue as uninteresting as you'd care to hear.

My other conceited friend, Winfield Gale, is a more recent acquisition. He spent two years in Buenos Aires as a minor consular official and is what might be called a "two-lane" booster. He shies off all conversational roads that do not lead to Buenos Aires or harbor development—at least when I'm with him and when he does hit the trail, he gives his victim a lecture that is exhaustive in every sense of that term.

One week not long ago I bumped into Gale twice, and into Swiggert three times, on the street. By Saturday of

that week I was so overloaded with information concerning harbor development, and so overstuffed with facts referring to J. Burleigh's world cruises, that I had developed a distinct aversion to the topics. Aversion? It was a phobia. My eyes bulged and my ears rang at the mere mention of the words travel or harbor.

Sunday night I went to bed with a nameless dread of what the morrow might bring in the way of travelogues and harbor dredgings of note from antiquity on, fell asleep and immediately into a dream. I was walking along, molesting no one; then I was falling from the topmost branch of a tree; next I was in a restaurant facing Swiggert and Gale. They were in league against me. First Gale would have at me with an exposition featuring the fine points of harbor development in Portland, Oregon; then Swiggert would take a turn with famous recipes of the Hottentots. When he had finished he would turn quickly to Gale and say, "Now shoot him the one about blasting that ship out of the Kiel Canal!"

It was an unpleasant experience, that dream, but it gave rise next morning to a bright idea. Why not, thought I while shaving, arrange a meeting between Swiggert and Gale? And from that moment on my feeling of weakness, when I thought of meeting either of them, changed to one of anticipation.

I laid my plans with cat-like malice. I was a man again, my object in life to arrange a head-on collision between two irresistible forces. I lunched with Gale for several days running, mentioned Swiggert casually as a desirable luncheon companion, and let matters rest. Finally it worked. One day on leaving me, Gale said: "Bring around

this Swiggert some noon if he's so interested in harbors."

We seated ourselves soon after in the redleather chairs of the Blackbriar Coffee Shoppe, Swiggert heavy and florid; Gale lean and sharp-featured, somewhat sallow of complexion, and myself not to be described. The introductions over and our respective business man's luncheons brought in, J. Burleigh Swiggert opened up:

"What's your business, Gale? I assume that every man has a business, even in these unsettled times. I sell insurance myself and I don't mind saying that I've protected more American homes than the U. S. army. High man in my district in '26, '27, '28, '29—crash year and all—'30, '32 and to date. In 1931 I traveled around the world twice and still slipped in ahead of most of the pack to get fifth place. Not bad, eh? Traveling is my specialty—my vacation vocation, to have my little pun—and when I travel I travel right. Know the ropes. What's your college, Gale?"

"Dartmouth, I—"

"I see it mentioned now and then. I don't keep up much with the college world. In school, I got Phi Beta Kappa grades but no key. Funny, eh? But that's another story. Ran the high hurdles, too. But all that's in my kid days. The puppy grows into the dog. The way I figure, Gale, it's more to my credit to have crossed the Sahara on foot without a decent guide than to have run the best hurdles in Mississippi Valley Track Conference history. In the Sahara I had two native guides along, but, Gale, actually, I had to show them the way. Yep. Those black rascals were lost most of the time. Thought I was a wizard, I guess. And

the heat got them, too. How's that for a yarn? Of course I had a helmet and a strip of canvas down my spine to ward off the ascenic rays, but I could outlast those native boys the best day they ever saw. Yes sir. Ever traveled in Africa, Gale?"

"No, just in South America a little," said Gale.

"That's interesting. Been there myself several times. South America. Brazil, I suppose? No? Buenos Aires! Say I know Buenos like a book. You don't get quite the right tongue-hold on that name, brother. Not Bwanos. Bu-anos. Try it."

Gale, going into battle cautiously, refused the invitation, but said:

"I was a consular official there for two years."

"Two years, eh? Well, a man ought to learn a little about a town in two years. But it takes a background of travel to really know a place, brother. Take me now, I study a place before I get to it. I read up for weeks before I landed in Buenos. Yes sir. Research work. More than that I meet only the big shots in a place. My brief-case is crammed with letters of introduction to the boys on the poop-deck and when I hit a foreign town the fellows who run things greet me like a brother."

"By the way," broke in Gale, "did you happen to call on the consul? He would have shown you—"

"Well, Gale, a government man has a chance to know a town if he is alert and intelligent, but give me a man like Joseph Teal. Sold him a policy while I was down there. I suppose you know Joseph Teal?"

"Teal?"

"Joseph Teal. I forget the street. Joseph Teal. Oil. Do you want to

hear a good one? I'd been reading up, see, on Bu-enos, and I got talking about the harbor. I said, 'Teal, you fellows down here could have the finest harbor in the world in your little old town if you would deep-dredge the river and build a wall so the ocean greyhounds could get right into the piers. He was sure surprised at that remark and urged me to go on. Say, I talked to him and some fellows he called in to hear me for about an hour and they sat back with their mouths wide open. And there I'd read up the whole thing in a book I found in the ship's library on the way in. Not bad, eh, Gale, my spellbinding a man who has lived in Bu-enos twenty years?'

"No," said Gale reflectively, but with a deadly glitter in his eye. "Bwanos has had a river wall, of course, for better than a generation. The book you read must have antedated the Spanish-American war. No wonder your friend Teal called in his associates. I'd like to have been there myself. "You see—"

"Harbor, harbor, harbor—that's all you hear in Bu-enos. They're in a rut down there. They may have a harbor, an inland one, but the real harbor is at Rio—Rio de Janeiro, you know. Ever been there, Gale?"

"Not—"

"Well, you talk up Bu-enos, but Rio is a place you can say: See Rio and die, and not feel you'd committed suicide if you did. You come into that harbor and see those beautiful mountains rising straight up on each side and you about swoon. You're probably more or less a landlubber, Gale, as we globe-trotters say, and while you know a little about Bu-enos you haven't the background for compari-

sons that you ought to have. You boast about your newly-built river wall at Buenos, Gale; but as the slang has it—you ain't seen nothin'. Have you ever seen a perfect land-locked harbor, Gale, chiseled out of rock by the hand of the Great Sculptor himself?"

"Well, I saw the harbor at Rio, every day for six months, if that's what you mean," said Gale coldly.

"What? I thought you just said—"

"I was trying to say, when you asked me, 'not recently.' But go on, let's hear your description. I'll be interested. You see I was sent up from Buenos to act as secretary to a committee of engineers who were studying the dock facilities of the harbor. It's always interesting to get an amateur's view of things. Rio!"

J. Swiggert was seized by a violent coughing spell at this juncture and when he came up, a brighter glare in his bulging blue eyes, he called a waitress over and asked her to bring a round of cigars—Havas.

"I've a notion to send a note to that fellow over there. I can't place him and it worries me," said Gale.

"Probably an ex-boxer. Traveling around you learn to read faces. When I'm on a train I study my fellow-travelers, and I usually hit 'em every shot. Ah, here are the cigars, gentlemen. Havas. There's a city for you, Gale, You've been around a little, what do you think of Havana?"

"I don't know Havana, except—"

"Well, Gale, to we globe-circlers Havana is the queen city of them all. Most people just see the harbor, but take the country around Havana—"

Then Swiggert, as if troubled by a cinder in his eye, suddenly turned on Gale:

"Except what—Gale?"

"Except that my father was a consular official there when I was a boy of fourteen," answered Gale evenly.

"Oh, well," went on Swiggert, "you wouldn't know the place now. New plazas, new squares, new public buildings. 'See Havana and die' is the way I express it. You probably knew the Havana of fifteen, twenty years ago—"

"Oh, I go back every year or two to visit my parents. The last time I was there I landed right in the midst of a revolution. A revolution down there is like—"

"Russia takes the blue ribbon for revolutions, Gale. I'm going to tell you a little incident that happened to me in Russia on one of my visits there that came pretty close to causing an international situation. It all came about by way of my sense of humor. One of the Soviet officials was showing me around in Leningrad one day—tomb of Lenin, workmen's houses, museum, things like that—and I said—But just a second. Did you know the city of St. Petersburg—Leningrad today—was built on poles, Gale?"

"Oh, yes, most everyone does. The harbor there—"

"Think of it. Built on poles. Well, I said to Pushkin during lunch: 'Pushkin, why are Warsaw and Leningrad alike?'. 'Bud they are nod alige,' he said. 'Yep,' said I, 'they are alike. Why?' 'Nod at all alige,' he insisted. 'How are they alige?' 'Both built by means of Poles,' I said. Say, things began to happen. He was angry, you see. He ran to a phone and began calling the main office and talking a mile a minute in Russian to some fellow at the other end. I saw in a minute that things were getting serious, so I ran

over to try to fix things up. When he got through phoning I asked for a chance to explain. But he wouldn't let me. He just said: 'Another comrade will be your guide from now on. Me—I am through.' And with that he turned on his heel. The next fellow they sent, well, I guess they took pains to see he couldn't understand English. No more insults. Get it? The Poles are so much poison to the Russians. But since you've been talking about harbors so much, Gale, let me tell you a little about the harbor there at Leningrad. If I had a sheet of paper here, I could tell you what they're going to do with that harbor. Those fellows may be socialists but they've got some ideas. I wish I had a piece of paper here—"

"Here," said Gale, "I can draw it for you with this burnt match. Now watch—"

"Never mind, Gale, never mind. I think we're boring our friend here to death with all this talk of harbors—"

"Not at all," I said. "Let's hear about it, Gale."

"Well," began Gale, "We'll take these two points as axes—it's really a double wheel, you see. What they intend to do—and this comes straight from a Russian engineer, one of the men I was with in Rio—is to utilize all of the natural military advantages as well as the commercial. This outer wheel, that I have drawn with its center as this cup, is the military harbor—"

Try as he would and did, Swiggert was unable to take the play away from Gale who doggedly showed us the plan of the harbor at Leningrad—down to the last rock in the jetty. But when

he put down his last burnt match Swiggert was ready:

"Ever run any hurdles, Gale?"

"Hurdles?"

"You missed something in that college you went to, Gale. Let me tell you about the time I won the hurdles in the Mississippi Conference meet. World's record time, too. It's down on the books at old Mizzou. It was equalled, of course, by the Olympics champion in '24 but never beaten. I always give the devil his dues. Yep. The Olympics fellow tied my record. He was a graduate of Dartmouth or some other little school. A fellow by the name of Ogburn, I believe."

"Ogburn!" said Gale, "Can you beat that? That's the name of that fellow over there with the broken nose. Excuse me, I've got to go over and say hello. I'll bring him back. Say, old Oggie can talk to you about running the hurdles, Swiggert, old man. He's the Olympics champion you've been talking about. Talk about your lucky coincidences. Wait—"

"I'm sorry," said Swiggert, rising, "I'd enjoy a visit with him, but I've got to be going. It's getting on, and I'll never be high man this year if I don't get out and turn a few doorknobs this afternoon. Well, Gale, glad to have met you. Remember me. Old Ironsides Life."

And just before leaving, as Gale

stood, somewhat confounded, in his place, Swiggert added:

"Insurance. There's a subject with some practical value. I've been a good listener, Gale, you got to admit that, and when I come around in a day or two to fix you up with a depression-proof policy, I'll let *you* hold the receiver."

"But Oggie and you ought to have a lot to talk about," said Gale, "I'll listen to somebody talk about track any day in the week. I tried all through college to make the team. You—"

"Sorry I can't stay. I'm not much interested in hurdling any more. It's just a hundred yard dash with the hic-cups to me now. My own patented wisecrack, Gale. Well, auf wiedershane, gentlemen."

"By George," said Gale when Swiggert had gone, "I'd like to have had him stay. If there's anything I enjoy hearing, it's two old track men reminiscing."

"All is not lost," I said, "Swiggert will be around in a day or two."

"I'm serious," said Gale. "I'm sorry your friend Swiggert didn't get going on track right at the start. You ought to tell him some time to talk about something interesting like track events and lay off this world-travel business. It's not his line."

"You tell him," I said, "when he calls on you *re* policy plan five, twenty pay life."

THE OPEN RANGE

THE YUKON TRAIL

STANLEY SCEARCE

EARLY on the morning of February 12th our two outfits dropped down the bank of the Yukon and out on the river ice. The thermometer registered forty-two below. The atmosphere was thick and hazy. Dawson is located on the sixty-fourth parallel of latitude. The first stretch of our journey lay four hundred miles almost due north; then the Yukon would begin its long, wavering, westerly course to Bering Sea.

There were no established trails for us as on our recent trip to the outside. The Skagway road followed the river benches and made cut-offs through the timber and over islands, a smooth trail. Now it was necessary to follow the river ice all the distance. Sometimes the channel followed circles and letter 'S's and reverse; but always, as the ice flowed in its fierce battle with the current, so we followed!

Where the frigid air had banked up the ice in its course, great blocks had careened, and piled themselves into mountains and valleys, crags and canyons. Through this wilderness we must thread our way for twelve hundred miles as the Yukon, narrowing itself to a quarter of a mile in canyons, spreading to sixty miles at Circle City, carved its way through the mountains.

Sometimes the current would overflow and form clean glare ice. Then another jam would follow, through which again we had to pick a way for dogs and sleds. These barriers often hid snow-covered pockets, into which we dropped to find ourselves wedged between monstrous cakes of ice. Bruises and cuts to both men and dogs were frequent.

The first day we made twenty-five miles. The second we reached Eagle City, the American port of entry at the mouth of the Forty-mile River, fifty miles from Dawson. From now on we would be in the domain of Uncle Sam.

It was now evident to me that the ordeal was wearing on my partners' outfit of outside dogs. Where my huskies would buck up against the worst trail, the cheechako dogs were beginning to droop and lose their pep. As for my dogs they, like myself, were tuned for the great adventure. Two magnetic objects held my face grimly to the north over the ice hummocks in the teeth of Arctic cold and blizzard. Come what might, I would conquer all hazards and reach both the golden sands and Ann! I was now not only in the prime of youth, but in hard trail condition as the result of eighteen hundred miles of ice and trail travel already behind me this season. Likewise the dogs, well fed and exercised, were all muscle, bone, and sinew. We reveled in our youth and strength, recking not the hardships of this Yukon road to fortune.

As we approached Circle City on the broad surface of the river, it was difficult to locate any shore line. We were guided only by the sun, the moon, the stars, and in the end by intuition. Here little Yukon proved his worth.

By this time the constant jar of my moccasined feet on solid ice began to affect every joint in my body, particularly my knee joints. They seemed metal against metal with no lubrication. Finally the pain became torture. I felt sure that my legs were permanently out of their sockets, hanging together only by the flesh. Most of the time one man had to go ahead breaking trail; and the dogs, under these conditions, could not be burdened with human freight as long as it was capable of being propelled by its own power, however painful the process. The dogs too had their troubles. At every stop, noon and night, it was necessary to examine each foot of every dog for cuts and ice

splinters, and then to fasten dog moccasins on the injured limbs.

Finally, after ten days of this torture, we reached Circle City, just two hundred and seventy-five miles from Dawson. Although it was only a fair beginning of our long journey, three of my partner's dogs were already out of commission, two of them barely able to trail along; one hopelessly lame, cuddled up on the sled, a privileged first class passenger. Little Yukon, with several bad cuts, limped so that I had taken him out of harness and had allowed Husky to lead the last day, before we entered this outpost of Northern civilization.

Here we held conference. Waldren convinced that he could not stand the trip, determined to stay here, let his dogs mend, and return to Dawson when the days became longer and the trail better. Thompson decided to go on with me.

I bought an Indian dog of mixed breed, recommended as a good leader, to take a shift with little Yukon, especially when he was lame. This dog bore no resemblance to the huskies. He was black, and carried the marks of so many breeds that he could be called nothing but just dog.

One day's rest at Circle City, and we were off again. The eighty miles at Fort Yukon we covered in two days for we found considerable glare ice, giving us a smooth trail. We were now within the Arctic Circle. The sun at this latitude plays many tricks as it skims low on the horizon. At times at different points of the compass, one sees no less than four or five balls, each resembling the sun. One finds it difficult to tell which is the real sun, and thus get a correct bearing. Many a northern traveler has been lured by these mirages in a direction opposite the way he thought he was going. By one test alone can the mock suns be differentiated. If one gazes steadily at Old Sol long enough he will make the eyes blink, while the sundogs can be outfaced.

Here at Fort Yukon is the confluence of the Yukon and that great tributary, the Porcupine, whose headwaters trace their source far up in the Arctic Rockies whence the Peel River, on the opposite side has its beginning. Down this river in season, on ice or in canoe, come the Indian trappers with

the most northerly land furs known in this commerce, and of the most superior quality. At a post of the N. A. T. & T. company located here, we found good accommodations and secured a fresh outfit.

At our departure, Yukon, thanks to careful treatment of his wounds, was again in the lead. In turn Whiskey and Muggins went lame, but by relieving them from the harness, binding their cuts when they were on the trail and taking the bindings off when we rested, so they could apply the healing balm of their own warm tongues to their wounds, they were soon restored.

We were approaching another post, Fort Hamlin, six hundred miles from Dawson, when a real calamity happened. Thompson, in the lead, suddenly caught his right foot in a hidden crevice in the ice. He was in the usual dog trot at the time, and the impact was so quick and sudden that he broke his ankle. It was a severe break and exceedingly painful. I loaded him on the sled; and, constantly urging the team over the glare ice, made the post at Hamlin—a distance of ten miles—in fast time.

Here we found another N. A. T. & T. company post and roadhouse with a manager of some surgical experience. We got Thompson's ankle in place and well splinted. It would, however, be months before he could travel the trail again; and, after much consultation, I yielded to his persuasions and consented to go on leaving him here to recuperate and follow by boat in the spring.

Once more my sole companions were my dogs. The days were getting a little longer, and the glare of the noonday sun beat brilliantly down through the cold atmosphere of from thirty to sixty below. I would blacken the sockets below my eyes with charcoal to soften the glare. This was much better than smoked glasses.

The new dog I had named Nigger. He had been accustomed to rustling his living by stealing, and now with his new master he was having a new experience. Each night, on a big camp fire, a large tank of hot porridge was prepared. As the dogs were fed only once each day, but in abundance, the huskies had become accustomed to it and did not look for, nor expect, any food between times. Nigger, however, was always looking for a hand-out or trying to lift some-

thing. One night I had just set the porridge off to cool and turned my back, when I heard a fearful cry. When I looked around, Nigger, his guilty face smeared with hot porridge, was desperately yelling and plunging in the snow. Rather than give him any sympathy, Yukon jumped on him and gave him a few good nips. Thereafter, Nigger left the hot porridge tank discreetly alone.

Roadhouses and posts were far between. We would always pick some timbered branch or river island on which to camp. A little crinkled birch bark would quickly catch from a match. Dry, fallen trees and limbs would soon make a roaring fire. If the wind blew, I would put up the canvas wind-break. Then I'd tramp out a bed in the snow, cut a few armfuls of soft spruce boughs, and there was my couch. If the night were exceedingly cold, I would have the dogs lie close to my robe; and the warmth of their silver fur and their animal heat was positive comfort. Some time an Arctic storm would descend and the cold blizzard rage about us. The dogs would only cuddle a little closer. Thus the couch became the lair of these beasts, native to the storms. Shielded with their thick fur, intensified to prime condition by nature's added growth at this winter season, I spent many peaceful nights, dreaming sweet dreams. The Czar of Russia, who once held domain over this Yukon, never reposed in his palace with as much peace and happiness. The four walls of his chamber may have been beautifully frescoed and ornamented with expensive draperies, from the ceiling may have hung beautiful candelabra, the paintings of the great masters may have pleasingly completed the panels, at the doorway may have stood a body guard; but his sense of happiness and security could not be complete. His guards could be bought. For gold, for advancement, his most trusted subjects might betray him.

But four walls were the horizon with the shimmering aurora ever lighting the north; my draperies, a forest of waving scented pine. The eternal heavens with their gleaming constellations were my unquestionable candelabra. My body guard! Ah, no king, no czar, no kaiser, ever had one so faithful. These primitive creatures, barely tamed

from the jungle, knew no purchase price. Their law was uncorrupted; their friendship and allegiance as true as the stars in their courses.

Not for a day does a dog give his devotion. Not just while his master is prosperous! Not just because his food is abundant. Take all this away; let a man become a tramp, still his dog will retain his scent and follow him in rags and poverty through the trail of life. When his master is sick or crippled, he has been known to lie with him even when hunger and thirst gnawed at his vitals. In death he is the last to leave the cold sod; and on the Arctic trail he has been known to die in the snow with his master when he might have reached security.

Just so faithful did my dogs prove themselves to be. Had I been a monarch, I thought, as I lay with my dogs about me, I would, like King Richard, have been willing to trade my kingdom not for a horse, but for dogs such as these. Had I not already refused to become prince in the kingdom of the Peels, for just a collateral interest in these dogs? Now, although they knew it not, they were being called upon to pay an even higher price, to their master.

Every rising and setting of the sun was carrying them farther and farther away from their home, from the home of their ancestors back for untold generations. Perhaps they had been born to fulfill a destiny. As in their animal kingdom they had slowly evolved, they had perhaps kept pace with that same law of evolution, that had governed the man-animal's advancement. Nay, their destiny had caused them to be born at a time when men and the lust for gold had combined to bring them to the proper theater to serve man's purpose. Obedient to divine law, they had yielded to his dominion. Here, then, was I, their master, taking them on this long journey, away from all established links of heredity, into an unknown world. Yet obedient to my command, each morning they headed westward ever farther away, never complaining, never weakening their confidence or loyalty.

Past the mouth of the Tanana river, we found the channel of the Yukon winding between towering mountains of granite. But

few islands are in this narrow channel; and likewise timbered benches suitable for camp were scarce. I had planned to reach Cockrell's Post the second day out from Tanana. This was a wood-chopper camp of the N. A. T. & T. company, where they got out cord wood for their river steamers. We found long stretches of wind-swept, glare ice, and of smooth crusted snow, and made excellent time all day. Toward evening, I could find no suitable place to camp, so continued rounding first one bend and then another. Occasionally on this good trail I could steal a little ride, standing on the rear of the sled and holding onto the handles. Most of the time, however, in order to keep up the speed of the team, I would bear my weight on the handle bars and let the dogs accelerate my dog trot.

Night came. Above, the stars shown lustreously. I had worn out the joint-ache of the early part of the trip and now was as hard as the very steel I once imagined my knee joints composed of. The dogs kept up their steady trot, clipping off the miles with tireless energy. On either side, in the dim light of the stars and of a pale half-moon we could see the same monotonous, steep cliffs, ascending sheer from the river's bank. I had forgotten the distance from Tanana to Cockrell's Post; but it ran in my mind that it was seventy-three miles. I now began to think it might be possible to make this camp in the one day's travel. It was just six o'clock and I must have come sixty miles. With renewed spirit I chirruped encouragement to Yukon. He bounded along as though he were just beginning a day's work.

Not all the course was smooth going. Sometimes we ran into the inevitable ice packs and had to clamber over barriers or thread our way through ice valleys between huge bergs. Then again we were out on the clear ice.

Seven o'clock—eight o'clock passed and still no post. We were all dead tired by this time. I was sure that we had made over seventy miles, however; and the thought that soon we would reach the warmth and comfort of a roadhouse was a pleasant anticipation as my wearied bones kept up their tat-tat-tat on the metallic ice. I knew little

Yukon's instinct would tell him a mile away when we were close to the roadhouse so that by no chance would we pass it by. Thus relying on him, I decided to ride it out and make that post.

On we sped. The moon passed over to the other side of the river, and the stars noticeably changed position in the heavens. Nine o'clock! Half past! The dogs were slowing up. They would cast half-glances back at me, as if to inquire what it was all about. Yet there was not protest, no insubordination, nor would be even if they dropped in their tracks.

Suddenly Yukon quickened his traces. The rest of the team raised drooping heads high up and sniffed the air. The speed rose so fast that I had to step on the sled. Now they were on the gallop. Suddenly rounding a bend, we caught in a timbered valley the glimmer of light at the post. No ship on a stormy sea ever found a more welcome beacon than was that light to us. Up the bank and to the door raced the dogs, and then dropped in their traces, their extended red tongues, their panting breath, testifying to their exhaustion.

The wood-chopper host came to the door in surprise at this late caller. He at once took charge of everything and permitted the huskies to go into a warehouse room adjoining. After we had fed the dogs, and I had had supper, my host inquired how I happened to be so late. I told him that I intended to get to his place the following night, but had come through from Tanana since that morning. I saw that he thought I was imposing on his credulity, so I asked him the distance from Tanana.

"Ninety-three miles, steamboat channel!" he replied. I don't believe this honest wood-chopper believed me, although I presented my letter from Cap Healey certifying to my otherwise good name. I believe this to be the world's record for one day's travel with a dog team; at least, I have never found anyone claiming to equal it.

The next day all were rested, fit and ready for the trail once more. The river situation continued the same, but in the afternoon it began to blow and snow. The cold became intense and penetrating. Early in the afternoon I came upon a little Indian

village, consisting of half a dozen log cabins, small and squalid, with low dirt roofs, quite ancient in appearance. I halted and looked them over. Dirty children, toothless old squaws, and some bucks of most inhospitable and villainous appearance, stood looking at me.

The storm was increasing in violence. The nearness of a camping ground was uncertain. As I listened to the wind howling up the river canyon and felt the biting snow and the frost, even a dirty, foul-smelling Indian shack seemed a haven. I made a bargain with one of the bucks, unharnessed my dogs, and went into his shack. At once I wished that I had faced the storm. In this one room, about twelve by fourteen feet, there were no less than a dozen occupants old and young. I was told that I could lay my blankets in the center of the room. As several old squaws and bucks had preempted the corners, this was the only space left.

I prepared my dog feed as usual. All ate heartily except Whiskey. He just minced over his allowance, and I was fearful that he was sick. However, he had no symptoms; he was sound, and his eyes and tongue appeared normal. When I prepared my supper, I noted the old Indians scrutinizing my grub box appraisingly. I had some tinned meats, canned honey, and butter that they especially seemed to envy me.

Regardless of the jabber going on in the room and of the foul smell and the generally unsanitary condition, I rolled up in my robe and, being very tired, was soon asleep.

About midnight I was awakened by a great hubbub outside and a jabbering inside. A smoky lamp had been lit, and the old squaws were calling me to get up. I could not understand much, but caught something about dogs—white man—poor Indian. I was sleeping in most of my clothes. Putting on my mocassins and coat, I went out to the apparent seat of disturbance. There my old buck host had rescued from Whiskey the remains of two ptarmigans. Just a few feathers and bones were all that remained of his

previous day's hunt over the hills. He had cached the birds on top of his cabin, and there the keen scent of Whiskey had discovered this aristocratic repast. The mystery of his feigned hunger strike was manifest, but not until he had completed the job as designed.

Inside the cabin a great counsel was being held! The hour was midnight. I listened to the tirade of the old squaws—all Indian, but impressive; then to the wailing of the children, then to the jabber of my host and of some older bucks. I could understand something of what the host or head of the family was trying to tell me. It was a matter of indemnity and reparations.

"Poor Indian live by hunt, fish. White men come into country, drive moose and caribou back. Steamboats scare fish away. Poor Indian hunt all day in snow and cold for two ptarmigans. White man's dog eat ptarmigans."

I realized my responsibility. "How much do I owe you for the two ptarmigans?" I inquired.

There was more jabbering, during which the old squaws kept gesticulating towards my grub box. "White man," the buck finally said, "got too much grub. Give us grub. Get more at Nulato." This was a station one hundred and fifty miles farther down river.

I opened my grub box preparatory to trying to satisfying them. They fairly pounced on it! Before I could defend myself, they had practically cleaned me out. They took all my canned meats, honey, syrup, but there in the midnight hour they had a feast! Some of those old hags acted so crazy over some of the food that I believe they had never had anything before but dried salmon and jerked venison.

At any rate, I paid dearly for Whiskey's indiscretion. Whereas he enjoyed a feast of tender fowl, I went three days on red beans and boiled rice!

HISTORICAL SECTION

CROSSING THE PLAINS IN '61

Reminiscences of Charles H. Keaton

MARTHA GRACE AVERILL

Foreword: These pages were written by Mr. Charles H. Keaton when he was in his 81st year. He would have been thrilled beyond words if he had known that he had contributed a bit to old Montana's history in its making. How he loved to find anyone interested in his story. When he was 81 years of age, he determined to write it down and did so during the summer of 1930, writing in long hand, word for word, and his memory even then was remarkably accurate. He was born in St. Joseph, Missouri in September of 1849 and was therefore ten years old when Abraham Lincoln came to St. Jo.

MY father's name was James Jackson Keaton, familiarly known among relatives and friends as Keaton. He came from Virginia in 1844 to St. Joseph, Missouri, which was then known more as a boat landing than a town. He was a contractor and builder. As St. Joseph had just been founded he had a fine field for operation. He helped build the first brick house ever erected in the town, not far from where the Francis depot now stands. When Kansas was opened for settlement he stepped across the river seven miles into the territory and took up a homestead.

I was in my eleventh year when many people from the "Mountains" as the Gold Agent was generally called, returned, telling stories of the vast herds of antelopes and the thousands of buffalo that roamed this land.

All supplies had to be hauled to Colorado in freight wagons pulled by either mules or cattle teams. A big price was paid for freight delivered in Denver. Majors Russel and Waddel were the heaviest freighters on the road. These men had many trains, usually ten or twelve wagons to a train. It was no trouble at all to get freight to haul at any of the points along the Missouri river, either Atchison, St. Jo or Omaha. Keaton decided to rig up some ox teams and load for Denver.

PLUM CREEK

After one left Plum Creek, which is around 250 miles from Denver, there was no substance which had even the resemblance of wood, until one arrived at Fremont's Orchard which was 50 miles from Denver. At Plum Creek every one that knew the road

took what wood they could haul, but were forced also to go on the plains and gather the refuse from the buffalo, which was known from one end of the road to the other as buffalo chips.

When the rainstorms came from the northwest down through Nebraska, accompanied by a forty mile gale in the torrential form it didn't add to the comfort of the fellows sleeping on the ground without shelter. The best refuge was under a wagon, for they did not have tents usually, and if they had had the boys wouldn't have put them up.

The road going west through Kansas ran by Kearney, Nebraska, which is not many miles from the Platte and reaches the river for the first time after leaving Kearney. We saw a few Indians not far from the Fort. They were peaceable and harmless when they were not on the warpath. At times they would have a big meeting after sending word to the different bands, by the Head Chief, and there they would place their grievances against the whites before the council and debate on them. It was similar to our Congress. They called this making medicine, and if they decided to go on the war path orders were given by the big chief how to proceed. Then the red paint would go on their faces and they would become weird and hideous looking. Their very appearance would throw a feeling of terror and fear into any white person.

It was undoubtedly the intention and policy of the government to deal fairly with the tribes but some time would elapse after a treaty was made before they would be at peace with the whites. The unscrupulous

Indian Agents, who handled the annuities and supplies, were supposed to distribute in a fair manner to the red man what justly belonged to him, but they saw to it that they "got theirs first." This is said to have occurred in a number of cases. The Indians were wise enough to know that something was wrong and they just took revenge on any person they could. But in any event their lack of economy in using their supplies would have left them destitute long before the time the government had figured it.

The landscape had been level so far that a canyon was very noticeable and, when one had experienced the monotony of traveling day after day over a country that was destitute of any vegetation except the grama (buffalo grass) it was surely pleasing to the eye to see a cold spring and the verdant vegetation surrounding the spring and the tall stately cedars growing in the canyon. This was Morrow's Ranch. There was something about it that made any one remember its appearance in detail. There was a deep ravine to cross where we had to lock the wagons going down the hill.

It was well remembered by the parties who put up the first telegraph line for they procured hundreds of poles there, and it was the only place of the kind on the road.

The journey was uneventful until we came to Plum Creek, so called from a small thicket of plum bushes that produced the sourest and most uneatable variety of hog-plums that probably ever disgraced the big red plums.

A spot that was always dreaded by the freighters was the sand hills not far from O'Fallens Bluffs; here the river came close to the bluffs and there was no room for a road on the bottom and the hills were just a bed of rolling sand. Two teams would be hitched to one wagon and pulled up the hills, which was a distance of three miles, then they would return and get the remaining wagons. This was always a day's travel and a hard one.

DENVER

The first road that was travelled to Denver followed the South Platte all the way, but later a road was made which left the river seventy-five miles east of Denver and was called the cut off road, which ran almost due west. Several dry camps had to

be made on that road for there was water only at certain points fifteen or twenty miles apart.

The population of Denver in 1861 was between three and four thousand. This was mostly a floating population. The streets were lettered east and west and names north and south. At that time my uncle, Alderson Keaton, ran a hotel on the corner of Larimer and G Streets.

The school house, a long frame building between Larimer and Blake was the only schoolhouse in town. Professor Lamb, who was teaching in this school at the time, giving a report of attendance says there were one hundred and twenty-five pupils all told. The room had no partitions. All classes assembled here under the tutelage of three teachers. The larger and more advanced pupils were in the front of the building under the Professor and the other classes were divided between the Misses Sophers.

The only theatre in town was located on Larimer between C & D streets. This was a one story building with a broad awning. A large triangular sign was placed at the outer side of the walk on which the awning rested.

For accommodations of teams there were corrals, enclosures with pens along the outside fence to keep cattle in. Hay was always on hand to supply the needs of the stock. A camp house was always one of the attractions, with an old burnt-out sheet iron stove for the patrons to cook their meals on, and just about smoke their eyes out. This liberal accommodation was free. Close by was a room that one could make his bed down on the floor and if he did not have a bed he could lie down anyway. For this accommodation the urbane and gentlemanly host would add twenty-five cents to the bill in the morning for each man.

TO VIRGINIA CITY

In the Spring of 1864 there was an epidemic of fever that ran high, caused by the wonderful reports of the discovery of rich gold mines at Bannack, Montana. These reports were brought in by some who had been in Montana, and had just returned to the States. Keaton, my father, with a lot of others, was lured to this spot of promised wealth, and immediately began preparations to make the journey.

Freight wagons were equipped for hauling freight to Virginia City, Montana. It was Keaton's intention not to return to the east; consequently he took his family with him, consisting of his wife, three children, a sister-in-law and her two children. As the country to be gone over was entirely different from the country they had just passed over along the Platte River, they were naturally looking forward to the trip with a great deal of anticipation.

When we reached Hams Fork, which is a tributary of the Green River, and ordinarily a placid, beautiful and clear running stream, we found it full to its banks, due to the melting snow from the mountains. There were apparently fifty wagons waiting for the water to subside so they could be taken across on the Ferry Boat that two men were running at this crossing. The Ferry Boat would only carry three thousand pounds at once, which was less than the weight of any wagon. Consequently if they were taken across on the ferry boat it would necessitate unloading down to the capacity of the boat. As the charge was three dollars per wagon it made it almost prohibitive, especially for those who had a number of wagons.

Keaton, who was a man used to overcoming most any obstacle, seeing the dire necessity of some drastic move, that night at the campfire suggested putting in a bridge. Henry Garrison, one of the bystanders said, "What the Hell, are you talking about, putting in a bridge." "Why not," said Keaton. "You have nothing to build it out of." "Do you see that mountain yonder," said Keaton. Garrison answered, "Anybody with half an eye can see that." "Well, what's the matter with unloading some wagons, going up to that mountain ten miles away, getting the timber and hauling it down here to build a bridge, by gosh!"

Every one except the immigrants and those who had only one or two wagons fell in with the plan and were willing to work under Keaton's supervision. Before daybreak the next morning the camp fires were blazing and the scent of coffee permeated the air. The old familiar call from the wagon boss, "Roll out boys," was heard. By the time the sun had peeped over a far away mountain the start was made. They stayed all night on the mountain, as it was too far to

get the timber and return the same day, but the second day they pulled in with stringers forty feet long. This gave them a margin of five feet on each side, as the stream was only thirty feet wide. By noon the third day the bridge was finished.

During the building of this bridge at least twenty or thirty wagons had come up to cross. Some of the lighter ones went across on the Ferry boat, but most of them were loaded heavier. The greater number wanted to cross on the bridge. After all had crossed on the bridge that had participated in the building of it, they held a stockholders meeting so to speak and sold the bridge to the men who ran the Ferry Boat and the money was divided among the men according to the number of wagons each had. The loss of time was not altogether a total one for it gave the stock a little time to get rested up.

We had no more trouble from the high water or from the Indians. The Crows and the Cheyennes were at peace just at this time. The following summer, however, the Brule and the Sioux went out with their red paint on. We later learned that we had not left the place where we were living, sixteen miles east of Denver, any too soon, for the one remaining family by the name of Hungate, that had remained on Coal Creek, was entirely wiped out.

But if we did not have the Indians we had road agents. The only real travelled road from Salt Lake and Virginia City ran through Marsh Valley into Portneuf Canyon, twelve miles long. High mountains were on either side and deep canyons, which afforded shelter and concealment for robbers, making it a marvelous place for holdups. Marsh Valley was a beautiful place, with a clear running stream through it. The valley was about a mile wide, and the mountains on either side were covered with a heavy growth of pines. There were no beavers in the canyon, but undoubtedly they had been numerous in former days as there were many dams in the stream all in a petrified state and intact. No attempt was made to determine how long they had been built.

One morning soon after sunrise we were gathering in the stock to start on the day's journey, when we saw five men emerge from the pines on the North side, riding leisurely along, going to the pine forest on the other

side of the valley. They were going close by our party, but no particular attention was paid to them. Prospectors and travelers of various kinds were out in numbers most of the time. We had not gone more than a mile until we met the daily stage. It was a most unusual thing for the stage driver to pull the reins to stop and talk, but this fellow did and wanted to know if we had heard of the robbery and killing of the night before. He told us that a stage driver and his passenger had been killed just about six miles from there, and he had been sent out to drive the stage on through. There were twenty thousand dollars in gold on the stage. Evidently the men we had seen two hours before were the perpetrators of the crime, for we had noticed they were heavily armed.

We then crossed the Snake River, which was one of the wickedest streams in the West, and where several were drowned every year in attempting to cross it. After leaving this river the road ran up Camas Creek to Rock Door, where it leaves the Creek and crosses the main divide that separates the two oceans.

The nearer we got to Alder Gulch the bigger were the reports of the fabulously rich mines that were turning out a thousand dollars a day to a man. But in spite of all these flattering reports, we met men with downcast looks, who said it was no place for poor men. One man said that the only thing he saw while he was there that was any good was a man with a grindstone. Men would stand in line with an axe or some other tool to be ground, for which they paid one dollar. Keaton said if they can afford to pay one dollar to have an axe ground there must be plenty to do.

We pulled into Virginia City, August 14th, 1864. Those who have never gone through the wild excitement of a big paying mining camp, can realize very little about it by its description. The mines in the Gulch paid for twelve miles around. Some, of course, paid bigger dividends than others. There were four towns strung along the Gulch; Junction, Nevada, Central City, and the last and most important, Virginia City. There were about 40,000 persons in the Gulch. All the towns flourished. A population of the underworld had flocked to those towns and all the places of debauchery kept their doors

open, days, nights and Sundays. Hacks ran from one town to another carrying passengers. Money flowed like water. Any miner could get from \$5.00 to \$15.00 a day. Nearly all the miners drank and some gambled, and the women of the underworld reaped a harvest.

No miner would work on Sunday unless it had to be done to save trouble in mines where there was liable to be a cave-in; so on that day everybody was in town. No one would attempt to ride a horse or drive a team through the streets of Virginia City on Sunday after nine o'clock in the morning, for they were packed with people.

As yet there was no sawmill in the country. Bannack was the nearest point, seventy-five miles away, where any lumber was to be had and it was very poor. No one could afford to be too ambitious as to what kind of a house they lived in. The main point was to get the yellow rocks. If they were not digging in the ground they were digging every one else that had them.

After the flour and other provisions that we had brought with us were sold we used the wagon boxes for beds to live in while my father hauled logs from the summit of a very high mountain ten miles away. Nearly all the houses had dirt floors.

Lumber, as I before stated, aside from being hard to get was extremely high, fifty cents a foot. The miners had to have lumber for sluice boxes. The size of the boxes was 1x12x10 feet. There could be found timber large enough to make boards. There would be a place selected in the timber, where the logs when chopped down, would be near the saw pit. Two pens were built of small logs seven feet apart and six by one-half feet high. The log was rolled up on these pens by skids, small logs reaching from the top of the pens to the ground about twelve feet from the pen. A whip saw made on the fashion of a crosscut saw, but with teeth made set pointing down. One man stood above and one below. The upper one would lift the saw and the lower one pull it down. The lower one did the cutting.

Keaton was a brick layer and a builder, so it was not long before he had a very comfortable good-looking little house built. Now that the house was built and the men and

cattle not needed, Keaton decided to put them back on the road freighting again.

It was considered precarious to attempt a trip over the mountains after September. Snow usually began to fall any time after that. Time was figured that it would take to make a trip to Cache Valley, a Mormon Settlement. Here all kinds of vegetables and flour could be obtained and hauled back to Virginia City. Keaton decided not to make this trip himself, but to send a young man by the name of John Smith, who later married my sister. This young Smith was a courageous, daring fellow and very dependable. Keaton, knowing Smith possessed all these good qualities, placed him in charge of the train.

The Valley was reached; the wagons were loaded mostly with flour and a few potatoes, carrots and onions. Upon their return trip they camped on Beaver Creek, a tributary of Camas Creek that ran between a wall of rock leaving a crevice just large enough for a wagon to pass through. This is also where the start is made to cross the Big Divide. It was fourteen miles over to where a mountain called Pine Butte was. This was across the range and if one was successful in reaching it he would feel safe in reaching Virginia City without any further difficulty.

All day the clouds had been getting darker and heavier. After camp was made, a big tall, good-natured fellow from Missouri, by the name of Jim Horton, said, "John, if that snow starts in and lasts two days, we can't make it across the range." Before bedtime the fine snow began to fall with a good stiff breeze. Morning came, and it was a gloomy one for everybody in camp. When they saw the snow had fallen to the depth of fourteen inches, and was still falling, they well knew that there was no possible chance to cross the divide. But something had to be done with the cattle. They would surely perish if they stayed there. The advisability of taking the cattle back to Snake River was discussed while they ate their breakfast that morning.

It was decided that John Smith, Jim Horton, and Sil Florence would return with the cattle to Snake River. They decided to leave them there and return to Virginia City. It snowed nearly all day upon their return. The snow was five or six feet deep on the

high divide. The road would have been impassable had it not been for the stage coach that passed over the road every day. The three men reached Virginia City December 10th, 1864.

Spring came after a long hard winter. Keaton learned that the stock had all perished with the exception of three head. This was due to lack of knowledge on the part of the men in selecting proper quarters for the stock. They were wintered at the foot of a mountain where the snow fell so deep that they were unable to get sufficient grass.

In the spring Keaton bought four head of horses with which to go to Pine Butte and sled the flour over the divide, then to be reloaded into a wagon.

Conditions were getting quite desperate in Alder Gulch, due to the shortage of food stuff. With the exception of whiskey and tobacco everything was practically exhausted. A committee of miners were appointed to canvas the homes and divide supplies according to the number in the family. I recall that the sack of flour which we had was taken and only half of it returned.

This was in the month of April, 1865. There was one school in the town with about fifteen pupils, taught by Professor Dimsdale, who later printed the first newspaper in the territory of Montana. I was taken out of school to accompany my father on his freighting expeditions to different points.

The Salt Lake route was the only route to get the supplies to Virginia City. The freight from Fort Benton had all been hauled. The upper Missouri River was frozen almost to the bottom, so no boat could ply the river. It was plain to be seen that the first flour brought into camp was the flour that would bring the real money and plenty of it.

There was not much snow on the ground until we reached Pine Butte. There was nothing there but a stage station with one man in charge. It was his place to keep the stock in good condition, have them harnessed and put in for a relay when the stage arrived from any direction. The first greeting we had from the station keeper was, "Did you hear the news," "No, what news," "Lincoln has been assassinated."

Keaton brought with him a small sled, which he had built, on which five or six hun-

dred pounds could be hauled. Up to this time nothing had been hauled across the divide. Two horses were hitched to the sled and the remaining two were led behind. We made the fourteen miles a little before night and camped at Rock Door, the camp where Sil Florence and Horton's man had been camped all winter. They had been snowed in here with the flour and supplies that Jack had come to haul on into Virginia City.

At this time of the year the April sun would shine down in a red blaze on the snow and melt it and soften it through the day and freeze it at night. In order to get over as much road as possible before the snow would begin to soften, it was necessary to get a start before daylight. We found after we got out on the road that we were not the only ones hauling freight on this road. We were not fearful of other trains getting into camp ahead of us but we were anxious that no one meet or pass us on the road. This always proved very disastrous, because there was only one hard beaten path or road and meeting or passing another team would necessitate the horses' stepping out of that hard beaten path into a soft spot and down they would go deeper and deeper, into the snow. The horse would then have to be unhitched from his mate and the sled and the snow dug from around him until he was down to the ground. The constant pounding on the snow every day throughout the winter built the road up higher each day. The days it did not snow the wind blew the snow onto the road and in this way it was built over the ground. When two sleds met they usually compromised, yet it was an unwritten law that the loaded sled had the right of way. The other would unhitch and lead his horses one at a time past the loaded trains. They usually found enough room to pass in this way.

As we were traveling along one day we saw ahead of us a great bank of snow. We were at a loss to know what it was all about. Upon reaching the spot we found a man with two mules down about ten feet, standing on the ground. We inquired what he was doing down there and he informed us that he was not doing anything just then, but that he had been doing plenty up to that time, that he had been shoveling snow to get his mules to the ground. He had got

off the track and no chance to get them back. He had to dig down to save the mules. He said he was going to make an incline track to the sled road, beat it down with a shovel with the hope that it would freeze hard enough that night to hold the mules' up and get them out. I presume he had the luck that he was looking for, for we heard from others that passed that way next day, that they were not there.

The road we found going into Virginia City from there on was very good and as there were no mountains to contend with, Jack reached the camp of Alder Gulch in three days. Somehow the news of flour coming into the camp had preceded them and before they reached the first town they were met by a crowd of miners. Keaton felt a little uncertain as to the outcome of this crowd coming out to meet them, for he knew they were out of flour and if the leader happened to be loaded with bad whiskey it would just be too bad. However, in less than three minutes he found they merely wanted to buy flour and meant to deal squarely with him, and he in turn dealt squarely with them. The sacks were all one hundred pounds. The leader said no one should have more than half a sack. Jack had no scales, so it was up to the leader to say when the sack was half emptied. Each man carried a sack to get his flour. The price was one hundred and twenty-five dollars a sack.

Greenbacks were at such low par at this time that whenever there was any transaction involved, where money was concerned, gold dust was used as a medium of exchange. It was always weighed out by the party selling, hence every one that expected to transact business carried scales. In some instances the gold would be coarse, in nuggets, and it would be hard to get the exact change.

Just at this time news came in that more flour was coming so the people at once refused to pay but one hundred dollars per sack. There was no alternative but to accept the decree, so the remaining flour was sold at that price. But why did they need to parley over the paltry sum of one hundred dollars? It has remained an undisputed fact that Alder Gulch was the richest and produced more gold than any other place in the world. Conservative estimates placed it at one hundred million dollars.

BOOK SHELF

Under the Editorship of ANDREW CORRY

Editorial Note: In the interests of responsible reviewing, it is our considered policy to allow our reviewers uninstructed freedom in their criticism.

Honey in the Horn. H. L. Davis. Harper. 1935. \$2.50.

The restless life of the Far West, on its hills, rivers, and prairies, has never received more understanding and skilful expression than in Mr. Davis's active picture of country people in distant and isolated corners of Oregon. The homesteaders, sheriffs, realstate boomers, rivermen, Indians (debased), small sheep and cattle raisers, transients with their various activities are so fully in the blood of the author that they are here patiently, even lovingly, brought alive in the reader's imagination. Vital too are the folk customs—superstitions, ideas, feelings, modes of speaking, deeds. The phases and levels of life which the novel sets out to consider are intimately covered. The timber, grasses, flowers, fish, and animals of mountain and prairie are all known, loved and described. A prairie is never to this writer merely a stretch of flat country, but is land, sand or soil, covered with varieties of grasses astir with wind, asheen with sunlight, or cold above snow. Native flowers usually brilliant in color though often small and half-hidden under the grasses tint and pattern the plateau floor. A forest is never a forest, but specific growths of trees and underbrush, with hanging fogs or shafting sunrays.

The people, all of them cheek-by-jowl with outdoor existence, are, true to fact, twisted by it, made so queer, so "different" as to give city readers, who are largely standardized products of artificiality, doubt of their existence. Their bodies are misshapen with work or accident, almost grotesque, their minds single-track, their attitudes independent, their ways of doing things highly individual. They are so fully idiosyncratic that perhaps the average reader, finding their minds working in patterns unfamiliar to him, judges them either unreal or not sufficiently developed by the author. Yet anyone who at all knows his way about the far places of country where men live in isolation and in contest with nature knows that there he finds life's "characters," individuals with self-grown minds and attitudes.

This authenticity makes the book as genuinely regional as a book may well be. The intelligent reader with it in his hands will drop judgments and place his full attention upon imagining, understanding.

The story and principal persons that hold together these detailed materials are slight.

They are not worth knowing about if all reading is for refined edification. Yet their life and doings represent a large fraction of mankind's living. One wishes that the girl, Luce, had been more fully made known; but Clay, the boy, is as completely searched and set forth as his nature warrants. There is a huge gallery of minor portraits. The story itself is comparable not to the epic but to picaresque fiction, where a roving character as he journeys from place to place serves as the stretched rope on which are hung only more or less related episodes and many and varied descriptions of places and persons.

Pleased reading of this strongly interesting novel depends not upon one's sense of story but upon one's natural curiosity "about a number of things." If one doesn't care to have knowledge of people on a low level of existence who fight nature instead of conventions and institutions one won't read this novel delightedly. If one is unwilling to know not only the appearance of a place, which suffices for much fiction, but also its nature, its "feel," the story may seem slow and undirected. The right reader for the book is the intellectually curious, thoughtful person who is tolerant of life however it shows itself and on whatever level. Mr. Davis has seen truly, through experience and with imagination, and has written not only with skill and sincerity but with gusto as well. Here is genuinely *creative* work. Here is no manufacture of accepted materials into known-to-be acceptable patterns. Life in the novel throbs.

Honey in the Horn, rough, rowdy, imaginative, beautiful, is the finest piece of fiction that has issued from the Northwest.

H. G. M.

Place of Hawks. August W. Derleth. Loring & Mussey. 1935. \$2.50.

Four Roads to Death. Benjamin Appel. Alfred A. Knopf. June 24, 1935. \$2.00.

In the life of the tired business man, the mystery thriller fulfills the same purpose that the confession magazine does in the life of the overworked shopgirl—it offers the most complete escape from reality to be found between book covers. To this is attributed the vogue such stories have enjoyed, but there are apparently authors who

feel that such an appeal is too limited. Their contention would be that, properly presented, the same elements of mystery, suspense, and horror, would also appeal to another, though smaller group, the persons who cast a discriminating eye on the fine points of style and expression. To this end Benjamin Appel and August Derleth have laboured writing stories that are essentially mystery thrillers in the manner generally reserved for tales of another type. Immediately a question arises as to whether or not such plots can successfully escape a formula.

Unfortunately the authors have not, in these two instances, been remarkably successful in their attempts to elude tradition. August Derleth has evolved a group of short, weird stories which would subscribe to no formula, although his reputation lies with the commercial mystery as well as with his stories published in little magazines. Benjamin Appel, known for his work in the little magazines and for his novel, *Brain Guy*, approaches a strictly formula plot with one eye on imagery and the other on Hollywood. The results would indicate that they would do better to confine themselves to one cause or the other—to devote themselves, perhaps, to their first loves.

Place of Hawks is a series of four short stories unified only by a place, a narrator, and the author's predilection for large, queer families. The stories are told by a young boy who trails his grandfather, a retired doctor, about the Wisconsin countryside examining at first hand such cases as the Grells, who do not acknowledge death; Rella Farway, driven to insane hatred of her environment; Mrs. Ortell, who was never quite right after her three boys were killed in a train wreck; and finally the Pierneau family to whom many things had happened.

The author is put to some pains to see that the boy is present at every conceivable turn in the stories. If suspense was the object of this type of narration, one somehow feels it could better have been sustained through some other medium.

Characterization is paradoxically the strong and the weak point of the book. For the characters are admirably drawn and a mood of darkness and foreboding is created with great success. But so empty and distorted are these lives that they arouse no sense of the tragic, and when death and destruction are dealt to them the reader is moved to no feeling of loss, or even of pity, but to a quite casual, rather indifferent sort of relief.

Four Roads of Death is a novel relating the adventures of a party of treasure seekers in Chinese Turkestan. The situation and characters offer possibilities for an exciting adventure tale, but the story is over-written and the action bogged down with a heavy,

jerky prose, which only in the closing chapters approaches the effect of overwrought nerves and chaotic impulse which the author has been struggling to achieve throughout the book. Mr. Appel is all too consciously proving that he is not one of the slick, skilled retailers of adventure. And to what avail? Adventure seekers are not likely to entrust themselves in his hands. And worshippers of sheer beauty will find but little to intrigue the senses.

Eugene, Oregon

James Crissey

Lucy Gayheart. Willa Cather. A. A. Knopf. 1935. \$2.00.

All the Young Men. Oliver La Farge. Houghton Mifflin. 1935. \$2.50.

San Francisco Tales. Charles Caldwell Dobie. D. Appleton-Century. 1935. \$2.50.

Annunciation. Meridel Le Sueur. The Platen Press. 1935. \$50.

The somewhat arbitrary thread that links these three books and a short tale together is the accident that all of them represent literature west of the Missouri river; and a varied literature it is—Germans, Indians, Mexicans, Spanish, Italian, Chinese, and native Americans, mingling in exotic or workaday guises, according to the authors' tastes.

Miss Cather's *Lucy Gayheart* suggests at once her fine *Song of the Lark*, and suffers a bit by the comparison. Both are tales of young women struggling from a narrow frontier town environment to the vision and achievement of musical artistry. But Lucy has not the sturdy peasant strength of Thea Kronberg, and, though vibrant with life, possesses also a strain of weakness that makes plausible, if it does not demand, her tragic end. The Nebraska village does not come alive to the reader with the intensity of earlier Willa Cather novels; there are a few clichés of plot transition that suggest a less loving care with this tale. Yet we are comparing Willa Cather with herself, and the economy, deft handling of plot, and characterization of this novel show it still to be the work of one of America's most loved and greatest artists.

Was it Carl Van Doren who recently, in a prefatory burst of frankness, put the short story in its place as at best ranking with tricks and puzzles, fading out with journalistic swiftness before it could reach the heights of true literature? This severe judgment might be applied as a test to the remaining titles, for both La Farge and Dobie give us collections of short stories. And yet I, for one, could not feel that either of these samplings should be dismissed so summarily. For some of Mr. La Farge's tales, one can feel only admiration; and Mr. Dobie repre-

sents an almost lost art, the art of the well-constructed tale. True, few collections of short stories escape the charge of unevenness, and these are no exception. Nor, perhaps, do these tales linger on the memory in the way of great novels, though from Mr. La Farge's one retains a glimpse into Navajo psychology not easily forgotten. Granting, then, the limitations, these two volumes remain on the upper levels of short story achievement.

Only one thoroughly acquainted with Indian psychology could have written "Higher Education," the tragedy of a Navajo girl from a white school; or the title story, with its picture of the old Indian medicine man decaying in the grip of a new life. Here is Mr. LaFarge's strength, a knowledge of a passing way of life, and a skill in recording that knowledge that makes his record of permanent value. Two or three of these tales, I believe, should be preserved for future documentary evidence. Mr. La Farge does not gloss over the Indian's savagery or his primitivism, but he penetrates, with convincing skill, his fierce, indomitable pride, his dignity even in decay, his mysticism, and his hard lot in a changing environment. There are excellent pictures of trading post life, in "Yellow Wells," for example. And Mr. La Farge's portrait of whites in Taos is unsparing and devastating in such tales as "Hard Winter." Also included are two tales of Old Mexico, more conventional, a tale of Bohemia in New Orleans, and a curiously effective ghost story, "Haunted Ground."

Though the jacket to Mr. Dobie's collection says that he early abandoned his training in the severer technique of Poe, one did not need this hint to discover that behind his work was a thorough study of the traditional short story, Poe and de Maupassant and the classical "tale." Many of Mr. Dobie's tales have about them a French air, an effect arising, no doubt, from his trick of condensation and the rapid plot movement through conversation; in short, the craftsmanship behind his stories in a day of loose, subjective meanderings. This foreign air is further emphasized by his love of the romantic plot, the exotic setting and the glamorous love motif. It must be confessed that the total result is often more interesting than moving, and that the author risks a certain repetitiveness and consequent loss of interest. The best of the earlier group are those around Flavio Minetti, a Renaissance figure, a grotesque hunchback bent on the murder of all who laugh at him. Mr. Dobie makes his foreign quarters of San Francisco seem remote from America, Italians and Chinese moving in a land of the romantic tale, rather than in real daylight. Once or twice he approaches the problems of the young Chinese in America, but still romantically.

Perhaps the six American tales at the end, will be more realistic. Yet even here, Mr. Dobie clings to his motivation of love and murder mystery, though there is an added touch of character study (as elsewhere) to strengthen the plan. One tale tells of breeding strong even in life-long defeat; another of a lie growing on absurdity to poison a marriage; and only the last, "The False Talisman," suddenly becomes homespun with its minor tragedy of Eddie Schott betrayed by his bass horn into despair. Mr. Dobie is an artist in the short tale. The present day preference for less manipulation of pure plot should not deny him his talent.

"Annunciation" raises more questions than either its importance or time will permit our examining. It is hard to follow Louis Adamic in his claim that it is a great tale. One must proceed with caution, it is apparent. For, in all conscience, the lot of a young woman in poverty, four months with child, her husband out of work and sullen, is pitiful enough not to need special pleading. But this is not to say that any tale about this sad predicament is thereby a great tale: Indeed, this is not a tale, but a fragment of diary, in which the young woman writes vaguely, about a symbolism in a stunted pear tree in a dreary back yard. The rhythm of the tale is monotonous to the point of defeatism, perhaps a thing to arouse suspicion of a fundamental sentimentality in the method. Appeal to feeling is one thing, effort at understanding another; and the more objective is nearer art.

University of Wyoming Wilson O. Clough

The Best Short Stories of 1935.
Edward J. O'Brien. Houghton Mifflin. 1935. \$2.50.

Some years ago Mr. O'Brien departed from his habit of American annuals to publish a volume of short stories drawn from all the stories of all the world, and to this volume he gave the title, *The Twenty-Five Finest Short Stories*. Not 'of the finest,' not 'among the finest,' not some as good left out nor some not quite so good included; the twenty-five finest were there. The title is significant of that one personal quality which, more than any other, has set its mark upon Mr. O'Brien's literary judgments and which undoubtedly is responsible for a large part of his success. Whatever else is true of him, one thing is always true: he knows no doubt. What he believes, he believes without qualification and asserts in like fashion. Black is black and white is white, and grey has no existence.

Obviously this habit of certitude gives recurrent satisfaction to a considerable group of readers. The steady popularity of the O'Brien annuals proves that. Year by year

the readers of the annual are told what they shall think about short stories, what is the dominant tendency of the year, whether that tendency is to be deplored or applauded, what new writers are worth consideration, in which magazine 92% of the stories published have been of importance and in which only 65%. Above all, they are given within one set of covers the twenty-five or thirty 'best' stories.

In respect to tone and kind of information offered, the 1935 volume keeps to the custom of its predecessors. There is the usual certitude, the usual strongly personal bias in selection, the usual denial of that bias, and the explanation of the principles according to which selection has been made. "The first test—is to report upon how vitally compelling the writer makes his selected facts or incidents . . . But a second test is necessary . . . The true artist will seek to shape this living substance into the most beautiful and satisfying form." Under such eiderdown phrases the critic has kept himself warm since criticism began. What it is which makes a story "compelling" to him, what it is which makes it "most beautiful and satisfying" remains as always Mr. O'Brien's unrevealed secret. A reading of the twenty-seven stories contained in the book brings out, however, two things. One of these is, as was to be expected, that the influence of Gertrude Stein is notably greater in the stories gathered this year than in any earlier collection; the other, that either there has been an extraordinary change of heart on the part of American writers or Mr. O'Brien has tired of that kind of story for which no adjective is adequate except one borrowed from its own vocabulary, the "hardboiled" story. Contrasted with the O'Brien collection of half a dozen or more years ago, this one musters a far smaller group of narratives concerned with characters aimlessly sadistic, aimlessly murderous, aimlessly obscene. So far at least as this particular volume is concerned, the middle class is again occupying the attention of short story writers.

The compiler selects three new authors for especial praise—William Saroyan, Dorothy McCleary, Allan Seager. In two of the three cases most readers are likely to agree with him. William Saroyan's 'Resurrection of a Life,' with its subtle conveyance of a boy's breathless, unreasoned gusto for experience, Allan Seager's 'This Town and Salamanca' are noteworthy companion pieces. 'Sunday Morning,' by Dorothy McCleary, though it is clearly and skillfully written, has little reason except that of being by a new writer for standing out from a dozen other stories. Plus the two named above, the stories which for this reader remain most clearly in mind after a rapid cover-to-cover reading are 'Father and Son,' by Morley Callaghan, 'Remarks: None,' by William Wister Haines, 'Suns That Our Hearts Harden,' by Carlton

Brown, all of them dealing with situations as familiar as they are unchangeable and depending for their effect upon the gradual penetration into the reader's mind of that fact of unchangeability. 'Lo!', by William Faulkner, is notable chiefly because it is a Faulkner story without horror at its foundation and with at least the intent of humor.

The introduction to the 1935 volume is extremely brief. In it Mr. O'Brien decries the present tendency of editors and readers to judge a story according to its economic or political implications rather than solely by its literary merit, and turns his back publicly upon that magazine group which hitherto has been his favorite, the 'little magazines.' He does not withdraw his pronouncement of 1933—"Story, the most important milestone in American letters since *The Education of Henry Adams*. . . . You must also read three Western magazines, *The Midland*, *The Frontier*, *The Prairie Schooner*. Toward these three magazines gravitate all the best imaginative work that is being written in the West,"—but the warning which even in 1933 accompanied praise is this time underlined. ". . . many of these magazines begin to constitute interlocking directorates of dullness. I suggest that we should call a truce on new 'little magazines' for two years, and that perhaps a third of those which now exist should abdicate."

Which third the abdicating third should be, can be deduced at least negatively from a study of the table of contents of the 1935 *Best Stories*. The five 'little magazines,' *Story*, *New Stories*, *Frontier and Midland*, *Direction*, and *Plowshare*, provide nineteen out of the twenty-seven stories published.

The equipment of this volume is like that of its forerunners. Sixty pages of lists and estimates at the end of the volume represent on Mr. O'Brien's part an industry and a familiarity with his subject which are likely to keep him well in the lead of rival producers of short story annuals for a long time to come.

Stanford University Edith R. Mirrielees

Dwell in the Wilderness. Alvah C. Bessie. Covici-Friede. 1935. \$2.50.

Valley People. Frances Marion. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1935. \$2.00.

The connection between *Valley People* and *Dwell in the Wilderness* must rest almost entirely on contrast. Frances Marion has written a book in which she attempts to re-create a scene—a place and its effect on the people dwelling there. Her book is not a novel, but a series of episodes connected only by that slight thread, the au-

thor. Alvah Bessie has written a novel—his first novel—and he creates not a place, nor a period, but a family. Here again is that well-known product of the middle-west, the small town family novel. But it is not so particularized as to represent only a family, or a small town, but rather the effect of a time and a mother upon this family, the Morrises.

Eben Morris has never been cut out for success. The very quality that keeps him faithful to his wife, Amelia—that dreamer's indulgence, that empty faith in man's essential goodness—would hinder his progress in business. But neither was he destined to be the failure Amelia makes him. With an inhuman feeling for the subtleties that distinguish right from wrong, Amelia is always right and so, invariably wrong. She manages adeptly, in one way or another, to spoil the lives of each of her children and to keep Eben eternally at bay, hoping always for some little forgiveness for loving her, some respite from her cold unwavering hate which does not come.

Eben is a pitiful figure, but there is no greatness about him to foster a sense of real tragedy. A more able man would have hated Amelia with the gusto she deserved and needed, instead of clinging to the memory of a love that could not possibly have remained awake or even dormant over so many years of change and separation.

Of the children, Martha, the daughter, is the strongest character with her open defiance of her mother and her genuine affection for her father. The futility of her two love affairs is pitched to the same key as the empty success of two of her brothers and the barren future that is only indicated for the third.

There is little beauty in the story save in Eben's recurring dream of peace and laughter, and there is little sadness because pity leaves no room for tears. There is no tragedy in all its frustration and no joy because Amelia will not permit happiness. There is a strong sense of time about the book—a feeling that the fifty years it takes up are peculiarly fated years for the Morrises. Amelia's fatal ignorance concerning marriage is due to the genteel and fashionable ignorance of the '80's. Eben's first failure is connected with a general shortage of money. The older boys' financial success comes with post-war inflation and the frustrations of Martha and Dewey are directly related to the emotional tone of the same period.

Alvah Bessie has told his tale carefully and with power so that the Morrises are convincing as individuals, and, unfortunately, as a class. He has an even and tempered style, a discriminating choice of words, and an

acute feeling for characterization. The novel is well done.

Frances Marion's publishers have laid a good deal of stress on her success in Hollywood, and they have gone to some pains that we may all place her as *the* Frances Marion who has written so much successful dialogue, and has a good many original movie plots of merit to her credit, all of which is a little incongruous since *Valley People* seems to leave Hollywood quite a way behind and one feels that the author is trying to get away from it all and do something on her own in a literary way.

The episodes that make up the book are slight. Some of them are distinguished by humor, some by a faint quality that might be tragedy. On the whole they are acceptable for what they pretend to be—stories of the people that make up a community. There is nothing peculiarly local about the stories and they might each have occurred in a different locale, or the whole group could be taken out of Southern California and be relocated in the middle west or in New England quite as successfully.

Mrs. Marion gives continuity to her sketches by re-visiting the scene of her childhood and introducing each sketch with an interlude in the present tense—a painful and evident device that is seldom justified. The stories themselves are told by eyewitnesses to the related events with a great deal of picturesque speech and a uniform feeling for the dramatic. If you are a cinema addict you will find the book interesting as the work of Frances Marion, but disappointing. If you are not a patron of the alien art you may find it merely disappointing.

Eugene, Oregon

James Crissey

Two Wives. Mary J. Elmendorf. Caxton Printers. 1935. \$2.00.

This is a first volume by a poet whose work is well known to readers of the *Frontier and Midland*.

As to make-up: The covers are gray, stamped with gold; the cloth of the binding is of medium coarse weave, not rough, yet easy to handle. There are 156 pages, 52 titles. The poems are arranged in six groups: "Undercurrents," "Shadows," "Tales and Ballads—Modern Life, American," "Tales and Ballads—Earlier Life and other Lands," "Portraits," "Fog." Title page, dedication, index, and division pages are captioned in bright purple ink—an interesting feminine touch. The book is strongly made. The type is attractive in appearance, easy to read. The paper stock, although otherwise of pleasing character, seems a little too thin, at least too translucent, as the type shows through. Like all thinnish duodecimos, the book fits in a man's coat pocket.

Mrs. Elmendorf's poetry concerns itself chiefly with emotion; her technique reflects a liberal conservatism. As is true of most first volumes, the evolution of the author's method can be pretty clearly traced. Here the progress has been from the extremely conservative toward the liberal. All of the work, whether old or new, shows clearly the marking of this worker's two best tools: a gift of rhythm, a flair for drama.

Perhaps the sonnet, "Leaven," is among the earliest strata. It is a rather stiff bit of formalism but hits its mark cleanly. The middle period, it would seem, saw the development of a richer, more intricate orchestration of lines, typified in "Judith of Bethulia." Unfortunately, not many readers can hear or understand this sort of music. So the persistent seeking of a talent that was resolute found a more telling weapon in the whippy, short, incisive line of "John Klog" and "The Clam Digger"—these, no doubt, being her recent work.

It is interesting to guess the literary ancestors of Mrs. Elmendorf. Most clearly revealed stand forth Elizabeth Browning and Will Carleton. The poems in *Two Wives* curiously blend the delicate firmness, the clear intuitions of the one with the gusto and swing, the insight into humble minds, of the other. Also—let us say this gently—sometimes are found the predilection for "literary" phrases, the disinclination to trim and prune, of the lady just named, and a slight tendency toward the occasional lapses into bathos of the gentleman. However, where is to be found a first volume of poetry without flaws? Or a last volume?

Nothing short enough to quote seems quite representative. Mrs. Elmendorf is not a phrase-maker, nor an embroiderer. She does not work in small patterns. Quotable if space permitted are "Hands," "Jasper," "The Legacy," "Heel of Achilles," and "King David Lay Dying," this last being, one is tempted to say, the best thing in the book.

A word should be included about the regionalism in *Two Wives*. Many of the poems are tinted with the colors of the Pacific Northwest and the Rockies. The validity of these works is not dependent upon the pigment they have taken, nor is the regional influence intrinsically a part of them. After all emotions are not assorted by localities.

This book is recommended to all those who do not object to having their emotions touched by what they read. Few will read this volume without being stirred. Mrs. Elmendorf's next volume probably will move her readers' feelings still more deftly, variously, inescapably. This book in itself is sufficient to establish her as a serious worker in her field.

Bozeman, Montana

Jason Bolles

Creating the Modern American Novel. Harlan Hatcher. Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. \$3.00.

Professor Hatcher's classes in American Literature at Ohio State University are doubtless large and popular ones; this book is to all appearances the adaptation of classroom lectures to a more general audience, with the roll call and some of the humorous by-remarks omitted. It is a smooth and not displeasing performance. The author has read extensively, has never forgotten the need of categories and subclassifications, and possesses that university-flourishing liberalism of social outlook which is "safe" and yet self-satisfying. Like the fumambulist crossing Niagara Falls, he trips deftly from Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* (1850) to John O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra* (1934), pausing in the middle to fry an egg (which is to say that Professor Hatcher includes a chapter on the proletarian novel), and reaching this shore to the rapt applause of coeds and some clubwomen.

Not often does the author astonish the reader with such curious misinformation as that Robert P. Tristram Coffin's *Lost Paradise* is a novel "recreating the epic of the western migrations;" for he has read most of the books he discusses, and by way of evidence offers detailed summaries which should provide many an undergraduate with his book-review assignments. If the (non-undergraduate) reader is one who delights to be informed that, *e. g.*, James Cabell has made "romance . . . acceptable to a large number of people by this jaunty spirit;" that "the very titles of Ellen Glasgow's later books start the sacred walls to topple;" or that Ben Hecht's lines "are sentences of the jazz age; they sound its shallower cadences"—Professor Hatcher's volume will be cherished.

In the pace of his quasi-platform delivery, the author occasionally wrenches the niceties of our language. But the flowing transition from group to group and author to author encompasses an amazing scope, making the book decidedly useful for its informative matter. As a critical survey this volume suffers from inevitable comparison with Mr. Harry Hartwick's *The Foreground of American Fiction*.

Pittsburgh, Pa. E. Douglas Branch

Louis Adamic and Shadow America. Carey McWilliams. Arthur Whipple, Los Angeles. 1935. \$1.50.

This brief book is, in the words of the publisher, "The first critical appraisal of that highly interesting and significant person, Louis Adamic."

Carey McWilliams writes of Adamic as a friend, not allowing personal feeling, how-

ever, to prejudice his very temperate judgment of Adamic's work and its influence.

Few persons who have read anything of Louis Adamic's will fail to agree that he is one of the vital forces in American literature today. His influence is more social than literary, it is true, and that may be explained by McWilliams' statement that Adamic is essentially—and quite involuntarily—a propagandist. No contemporary writer seems to possess quite the same ability to get into the heart of our country, to analyze its motivating forces and its inhabitants. Undoubtedly Adamic's insight arises from the fact that he is an immigrant, really discovering the country for himself. Preconceived notions of America he may have had, but he was unhampered by the traditions of the American youth with the legends of Lincoln, Washington, and the Declaration of Independence to cloud his reactions to Roosevelt, Wilson, and Repeal.

Adamic's conception of America as a place of shadows, Shadow America, is summarized in *Grandsons* and re-quoted in part from McWilliams' book: "... that most people in America were shadow-persons, with nothing substantial and permanent in their lives ... that we lived in a spiritually and culturally coreless, hollow world, and had no dynamic contact with any permanent and continuous reality ... that most Americans had no consciousness of any vital background, no sense of continuity in their lives, and were not geared to, or affiliated with, anything bigger or more important than their individual selves. ..." McWilliams considers this conception an invaluable 'diagnostical device,' a concept by the application of which to their personal and social Experience, Americans may come to know themselves and to renounce those allegiances by which they have been traduced."

In addition to summarizing and commenting critically upon the progress of Adamic's work, Mr. McWilliams devotes a few words to a discussion of art and propaganda, and the nature of art in a period of social transition. Disciples of Adamic will enjoy the book, and its importance will grow with the importance of its subject—rapidly, I am sure, in the next few years.

Eugene, Oregon

James Crissey

Mark Twain. Fred Lewis Pattee. American Book Co. 1935. \$1.00.

Literature is, in a transitional phase, property; the sometimes tangible asset of the author, and quite as often, by an interesting legerdemain, the property not of the author but of the publisher. Are authors people? is a question our national legislatures parried for decades, offering the rather elusive reply: Literature belongs to the ages—*id est*, if an editor or publisher wishes to reprint a

work without remunerating (or notifying) its author, so what? Matthew Carey and other American publishers of the nineteenth century waged a tenacious fight particularly against the supposition that British writers had monetary rights in the American editions of their books for British literature, went the major argument, was classic stuff that should reach the widest possible American audience: the cheaper the book (and non-payment of the author is one means of keeping the price down) the wider the circulation, the greater the contribution to our aesthetic weal. But the campaign for the recognition of literature as property was, some time ago, partially won by the authors. The federal assembly has enacted copyright laws, and has caused to be placed, among the four-hundred-odd statues in the city of Washington, the stone likenesses of three literati: Dante, Longfellow, and Albert Pike.

At present an author, or his heirs and assigns, possesses a property right in his outpourings for a maximum of fifty-six years. However pleasing this may be to an author and his publisher, the anthologist, the textbookist, the compiler of "selections," may be excused his tears. What unction is there in including Henley's "It matters not how strait the gate," etc., in a volume of "best poems" if the Messrs. Macmillan present a sheriff-backed bill for fifty dollars, please? What satisfaction in reproducing the famous "Dropping the Pilot" if *Punch* demands five guineas? What travail of computation must an anthologist of American literature undergo if his sense of artistic fitness dictates the inclusion of, say, Longfellow's Dante sonnets (published 1880) and this is the laggard year of 1935? So an author's quite legitimate property rights may deprive a young student of acquaintance with a great poem and substitute a febrile one. Houghton and Mifflin, by the way, have possessed a near-monopoly of the "authorized versions" of the New England eminents (how did Bryant manage to escape?); and the inquisitive conner of American schoolbooks may note many an effect of this property-right.

The American Writers Series (of which the book under discussion is one) is made up of volumes of representative selections prepared by American scholars: one author, one book. Each book contains a biographical-critical introduction, a bibliography, and some four hundred and fifty pages of selections from the author's works. These books are priced at one dollar each. The type is an attractive eight-point, well led for readability; the paper is tough and smooth, of "40" thickness—which is to say that the obverse page doesn't shine through objectionably. So a volume in this series is presumptively a "good buy," a convenience and a saving to the student and not unattractive to the general reader. The writer of this re-

view has used one book of this congeries, Floyd Stovall's *Walt Whitman*, as a classroom text. Austin Warren's good introduction and well chosen selections make the Hawthorne volume, this reviewer thinks, worth anybody's dollar. Hawthorne is in the public domain.

Mark Twain, is yet, a neat piece of property. A share of Clemens Preferred is worth perhaps three of Anaconda. The Mark Twain Estate, vestees of the copyrights, is for business purposes practically synonymous with Harper and Brothers. Against the doubtless ardent wish of the Messrs. Harper that Mark Twain be available for the student at the generous rate of four hundred and fifty pages, plus introduction and bibliography, for one dollar, was the restraining sentiment that the student might buy, toward the greater usufruct of the Harper *freres*, Mark Twain items with the Harper imprint. So copyright was not waived, nor were reprint fees reduced to the probably modest bunget of this American Book Company enterprise, the American Writers Series.

The present volume, purporting to represent Mark Twain fairly and truly, is made up of selections on which the copyright has expired. Its editor is a professor justly famous in the textbookery of American literature. This reviewer thumbed through the whole of the volume; and still his wonder grew, that a reputable critic could see this piling project through. Professor Pattee putting a pleasant face on the matter, states that "the most valuable part of Mark Twain's work was written before 1880"—a statement as quaintly absurd as a volume by Van Wyck Brooks. *The Prince and the Pauper* was then not yet published. *Huckleberry Finn* was yet to come (regrets, Professor; not out of copyright until 1940!) Far ahead were the night-shifts when Clemens was to lie sprawled out on the floor of his Players Club room writing *Pudd'nhead Wilson*. Future Pattees must wait until 1952 if a portion of *Joan of Arc* is to be reprinted without fee.

This book of necessitous selections offers portions of *Innocents Abroad*, *Roughing It*, and *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, these helpings perforce generous; some chapters of *Life on the Mississippi* as they originally appeared in the Atlantic Monthly (the publication of the book itself is yet within the copyright limit); and some odds and ends, among which "The Facts Concerning the Recent Carnival of Crime in Connecticut" is the conspicuously good item. No one who had a genuine liking for Mark Twain would care to sponsor such a collection as "the most valuable part;" and Professor Pattee is guilty of no such liking. Clemens did not possess the nicety of form to endear him to a professor who admires Thomas Bailey Ald-

rich; and the forty-page introduction to this book is a strange compend of biographical data, deprecatory comment, and (since an editor is popularly expected to have some interest in his subject) occasionally a begrudged and abbreviated good-word. "As a whole he is tedious stuff," says Professor Pattee of Mark Twain; and this preposterous anthology makes the statement almost plausible.

The clever reader who leaps from the beginning sentence of a review to its last will find all that need have been said: the person who buys this book will be bilked. This is fortunately not true of other volumes in this series, which includes worthy presentations of Bryant, Cooper, Edwards, Franklin, and Emerson.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

E. Douglas Branch

The Crow Indians. Robert H. Lowie. Farrar and Rinehart. 1935. \$4.00.

Perhaps no people in the world have been the subject of more fascinating literature utterly divorced from fact, or more pages of truthful writing utterly divorced from fascination, as that hodge-podge of peoples known as the American Indian. To be sure, there is another sort of literature, typified by Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, which is neither truthful nor fascinating, and which we shall leave alone. Every library contains hundreds of "Indian books" of the first sort, interesting books whose source materials on the Indians are scarcely as authentic as Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's enlistment text on the negro. We hardly need concern ourselves with such non-professional works on the Indians, since they so eloquently damn themselves. But one must speak with some seriousness of the accurate though dull professional works. The mighty corpus of monographs on Indian ethnology surely weighs several long tons by now, routine doctoral theses excluded. It cannot be claimed that anyone possessing less than the monumental patience of a professional ethnologist or his proper special interests would find them interesting. There are two reasons for this, each of them legitimate enough. The first and easiest to understand is, that since an ethnological monograph aims at complete and accurate description, a certain amount of general layman's interest is necessarily smothered in the mass of detail required by professional respectability. The second reason is, some of the dullness has undoubtedly been intentional. Nineteenth-century anthropology was notorious for its wild-eyed, semi-popular generalizations, inadequately supported by a sound field-literature. A famous specimen of this type of anthropology is Frazer's *The Golden Bough*, a voluminous work chock-full

of grand theories often based on gossipy old wives' tales from the East. So the ethnological branch of anthropology very commendably decided to clean house and to build up a respectable descriptive literature before it generalized on the public stage. The American school of ethnologists have during this century all but considered a bald dull style the hall-mark of adequate scientific training.

For the past few years a very small minority of professional anthropologists have felt that, the condition of the monographic literature being as excellent as it now is, a wider public of book-reading laymen might be salutary for the science. Some anthropologists, especially those under British influence, have begun to feel that they have a "practical" role to play in the world of affairs. All of them, certainly, are just as much interested in having museums built, expeditions financed, and chairs endowed by the general and solvent laity as the ordinary run of college professors. I confess that I incline to the milder expressions of such opinion. It was, then, with much pleasure that I received *The Crow Indians* by Professor Robert Lowie of the department of Anthropology of the University of California, a book of field anthropology written for the general public. Dr. Lowie is undoubtedly one of the greatest ethnologists in America. He is so eminently qualified to write on the Plains-type Indian that one might safely say that it is doubtful if any active anthropologist surpasses him in knowledge of these former bison hunters. Furthermore, Lowie has demonstrated that he can write for the layman. His little book *Are We Civilized?* is as interesting as a best seller, while in his more serious *Primitive Religion and Primitive Society* he has shown that he can present ethnological material for the literate laymen on a high philosophical plane. The combination is almost ideal: one of America's most significant field investigators, a man with almost three decades of research experience on the Great Plains, and a man who can write a good book. Such a man of double talent has decided to write a popular volume on what he knows best. I am happy to state that Dr. Lowie has not disappointed my expectations.

Some reviewers have criticized *The Crow Indians* because its writer has presented his material in a manner too complicated. I disagree violently with this attitude. American Indian life is complex, even as lived by the red-trash rabble of the Great Plains. Laymen have been inclined to think that the Plains Indian as exemplified by the Crow is "simple" because "savage," or "savage" because "simple." Lowie's presentation of the Crow relationship system is a good corrective for this. He shows the Crow as the type of fighting man he is, movies and dime

novels to the contrary, neither a coward nor a hero. Certainly he was no soldier. The Crow did not know war as definable in any working definition of tactics and strategy, a fact few white men have ever understood. A man who considers slapping a dangerous foe in the face a deed superior to quietly blotting out an enemy effective is a sportsman, not a warrior. Lowie has also presented the reader with the paradox of a deeply religious people without true gods. He has shown a people almost without authoritative social control yet saddled with numerous behavior tabus, a group which spends more time trying to figure out its maze of kinship relations than its legislative relations. He has shown in the discussion of the typical Crow life "From the Cradle to the Grave" a hard working people rather than loafers staring over the short-grass space. In these things he has performed a service. He has helped the full-time students of Indian life by helping quash such questions as "What did the Indians believe about this?" and "How did the Indians do that?" Europeans are far from being a culturally unified group of peoples, but any anthropologist would far rather answer such questions regarding them than about the cultural heterogeneity commonly and carelessly lumped under the meaningless term "Indian." In fine, Dr. Lowie has served both the white man and the Plains Indian by showing the reader that under the proper conditions there can be a spiritual people without gods, a fighting group without war, a moral people who did not restrict their sex activities very much, a well-behaving group without a coercive government, a clean people without lavender plumbing, a hard-working society without economics; yet in spite of these lacks, a happy people without any necessity of welfare work before the white man came.

The work has one major flaw which even a long-standing admirer of Dr. Lowie like myself cannot overlook. This fault lies in the makeup of the book, however, not in the subject matter. Lowie starts out by telling a moving, flowing story to the general reader; then for some incomprehensible reason, he adopts the scholarly style at a point less than half-way through the book. Worse still, this scholarship is not that of the field monographs but that of the class room. He begins by talking to educated laymen and ends with the old tautological pedagogy under which most of us have suffered. In this book Dr. Lowie spends about seventy pages firing siege artillery, then emphasises his great barrage with fire-crackers. As one research worker in a physical science to whom I lent the book said, "Lowie spent half the book impressing me with marvels I would not believe were true, the second half impressing me that they were true without their making any difference." The text-

bookishness of the latter half of *The Crow Indians* does not enhance the value of the book.

Still, as this is a pioneer book in a valuable field, such faults are rather to be expected. Many of us hope that Dr. Lowie will continue to publish books of this kind, and that other competent ethnologists will follow his example. For they have a real service to perform and need fear only those products of the graduate seminar who would make themselves believe that the research technique of ethnology is as precise as that of chemistry or that the data of anthropology is as hard for the well-loved layman to understand as those of astro-physics. Men of Robert Lowie's distinction need pay no attention to such critics.

Missoula, Montana

H. Turney-High

Death in the Desert. The Fifty Years' War for the Great Southwest. By Paul I. Wellman. Macmillan. 1935.

The military history of the West (which is almost co-extensive with the history of the Indian wars) has in the past consisted for the most part of personal memoirs, official compilations, and accounts of separate campaigns and battles. Both the serious student and the casual reader has felt the need of some adequate, comprehensive and impartial survey, which would give a bird's-eye-view, and show us the background of these wars—a background against which we might see the details in proper perspective. We needed a map, as it were, to stick our pins into. This lack Mr. Wellman, who knows his West and his Indians, has set out to supply.

His earlier volume, a popular account of the wars with Plains Indians, was called *Death on the Prairie*, and was a sound performance, both veracious and readable. What is more remarkable, it was impartial.

This time he has offered us a somewhat similar story of the wars with the tribes of the desert, Indians of Arizona and New Mexico, Apaches, Pueblos, and Navajos, during the years 1822-1886. For good measure he has included two chapters on the Modoc wars in Oregon, and has illustrated the whole lavishly with old, rare photographs. The story is even more graphically told than that of the former volume.

Here the reader will sup his fill on hardships, action, and horrors. For the Apaches, who occupy the chief place in the story, were unequalled as warriors, and quite as ruthless as their near neighbors, the rattlesnakes. In spite of their unhappy custom of torturing captives, and their flair for indiscriminate slaughter, it is interesting to note that the author restrains himself with difficulty from partiality towards the savages. He is evidently convinced that the whites were

more cruel and bloody than the redskins, and he lays the blame for the atrocities squarely at the door of our greed, cruelty, and oppression.

The major matters treated of in the book are the massacres at Santa Rita, the Pueblo Revolt at Taos in 1846, General Crook's masterly pacification of the redskins in the early seventies, the long campaigning against Victorio, the revenge of Mangus Colorado, the numerous man-hunts after such minor chiefs as Nana, Loco, and Nan-Tia-Tish. The whole ends in the crescendo of strife and horror known to history as the Geronimo War (1883-1886).

The story inspires inevitably a profound admiration for the daring, skill, and tenacity of the Apache warrior. Yet no one can lay it aside without a deep appreciation of the service rendered by the white soldiers who brought peace and civilization to the Southwest. Sometimes these blue-coats fought the devil with fire, and not infrequently their tricks amply deserved the name of "treachery" then so freely applied to the tactics of the Indians. But, however they went about winning that fight, we must be grateful to them for putting an end to that long reign of terror in the Desert lands, whatever the cause of it may have been, and however much the white man was to blame.

It is safe to say that no troops ever faced great difficulties, or faced and conquered a more wily, harder, or more relentless enemy.

Mr. Wellman's book is even better than his last—a real and valuable addition to the library of Western history. It is made the more serviceable by an adequate bibliography, a map of the region showing the location of the principal engagements described, and an index.

University of Oklahoma

Stanley Vestal

Blackfeet Indians. Winold Reiss and Frank B. Linderman. Great Northern Ry. 1935. \$3.50.

I should think that any true lover of the West would have interest in the Indians who lived there before white men came to it. Frank Linderman, who writes a narrative sketch in *Blackfeet Indians*, has gathered from old Crow Indians their life-story before "civilization" touched them and presented it in *American*, the life of an Indian man, and in *Red Mother*, the life of an Indian woman. In this fine collection of fifty of Winold Reiss's paintings of Blackfeet Indians one sees, in the painter, a reader of individual and racial character. The Indians he pictures are in close touch with white-man ideas, manners of dealing, and life in general. Some, one can see, have fought the intrusion; all have finally accepted, perforce; many still hold to Indians customs;

all think and feel as Indians. Here one sees portraits of fighters, braves, and medicine-men, who are also modern ranchers, and of women who serve food out of cans instead of pemmican and make beadwork that is no longer wholly Indian in inspiration and execution. Yet Mr. Reiss has seen the Indian in them, and in spite of the sombreros and union-made shirts that his subjects wear has secured it firmly in his paintings. The Indians who sat for him "dressed up," and the painter represented their finery and their decorations accurately. He has also placed the portraits against backgrounds that reveal Indian art and life. White men viewing another race think all persons in it look alike. "I can't tell one Chinaman from another," they assert, crass in their observation. A quick running-through of this book, even, allows no opportunity for such an exclamation. No one can say, "These are just Indians." Each of these portraits shows us a man or woman of distinct character. Neither can anyone exclaim, even when he sees the bloody word "scalps," "Just savages." Looking into these faces he knows that these people have felt, thought, lived "even as you and I" but in the ways of their race.

It is not true that Mr. Linderman, who knows and loves the Plains Indian, is asserting their superior nobility, or that Mr. Reiss, who penetrates personality and character with an artist's knowledge and intuition, is conferring nobility upon them. These students of the Indian observe and understand without judging by white-man standards. Therefore they succeed in presenting that rare treasure, a sympathetic study of another race.

The Indian's love of decoration and of color is in these paintings. Brown and Bigelow, the printers, using a recent process that exactly reproduces the original, have obtained richness of tone and clearness of color seldom achieved in printing.

Hence from all points of consideration this book is one to prize. It is ethnographically and historically valuable and surely a work of art.

H. G. M.

Chloe Dusts Her Mantel, a Pioneer Woman's Idyl. Frances Gill. Press of the Pioneers. 1935. \$1.50.

This little book presents an attractive and convincing picture of the life of one of the pioneer missionary women of Oregon. It is in some degree autobiographical, modified by sympathetic interpretations on the part of the redactor.

Chloe Clark, reared in the refinement and protection of a well-to-do New England home, at twenty-one was converted to Methodism and gave up a worldly life for one of service to her church. She went to Oregon with

Jason Lee's missionary party of 1839. The trip out by sea, the daily work of teaching Indian children, her marriage with the pioneer William Willson, the part played by the Willsons in building Oregon, the hardships she endured, Chloe's intense loyalty throughout to Methodism, are beautifully described. Chloe is as an ideal type of the pioneer Oregon woman. And yet the story is told so that she lives a real woman.

State University

Paul C. Phillips

BOOKS RECEIVED

The Endless Furrow. A. G. Street. Dutton. 1935. \$2.50.

Harvest of the Wind. Sarah L. Sweeny. Caxton. 1935. \$2.50.

Spring Came On Forever. B. S. Aldrich. Appleton-Century. 1935. \$2.00.

Some We Loved. E. H. Heth. Houghton Mifflin. 1935. \$2.50.

Louder Than Words. Hugh MacMullan. Loring and Mussey. 1935. \$2.00.

Life of Washington Irving, 2 volumes. Stanley Williams. Oxford Univ. Press. 1935. \$15.00.

Guarding the Frontier. E. B. Wesley. Univ. of Minnesota Press. 1935. \$2.50.

Land of the Free. Herbert Agar. Houghton Mifflin. 1935. \$3.50.

A Visit to America. A. G. MacDonell. Macmillan. 1935. \$2.50.

Some American People. Erskine Caldwell. McBride. 1935. \$2.00.

English Fantasies. J. Redwood Anderson. Oxford Univ. Press. 1935. \$2.25.

The Sunlight Kid. L. B. Smith. Dutton. 1935. \$2.50.

Under Desert Skies. I. W. Grissom. Caxton. 1935. \$1.50.

Planter's Charm. F. M. Yauger. Kaleidograph Press, Dallas. 1935. \$1.50.

Level Land. K. C. Kaufman. Kaleidograph Press. 1935. \$1.50.

Illinois Poets. Harrison. 1935. \$2.00.

Scattered Leaves. I. C. Kreemer. Harrison. 1935. \$2.00.

Cables of Cobweb. F. R. Mastin. Harrison. 1935. \$1.50.

These Years Passing. Carleton Winston. Harrison. 1935. \$2.00.

Earth and Sky. P. H. Hudson. Dorrance. 1935.

Off the Record. Celya Cendow. Caxton. 1935. \$2.00.

Canterbury Pilgrims. E. F. Piper. Clio Press. Iowa City, Ia. 1935. 90c.

King Jasper. E. A. Robinson. Macmillan. 1935. \$2.00.



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Plays accepted will be produced by the Montana Masquers either in the summer or fall of 1936.

A royalty of \$10 will be paid for each play produced.

Manuscripts may be submitted any time before the deadline, March 1, 1936.

Manuscripts should be addressed to Barnard Hewitt, Director, Montana Masquers, Montana State University, Missoula, Montana.

Manuscripts will be read and reported on within a month of receipt. A criticism will be given only when requested.

Return postage must be enclosed, if the author desires his manuscript returned.

LITERARY NEWS

Continued from front Advertising Section

charming things for *The Frontier and Midland*—and Robert O. Erisman, among others. Erisman is editor of *The Magazine* and takes an occasional private, impatient crack at communities that fail to support their own high class regional ventures. *Sanctuary*, erroneously reported off the press, must be postponed for the present.

After a busy summer in Michigan John T. Frederick is back at Northwestern. His collections of readings for college students, in collaboration with Father Ward, is arranged on a new plan, in an attempt to tie up the reading with the student's own writing in a way not previously attempted. It is issued by F. S. Crofts and Co.

Lewis Worthington Smith of Des Moines is preparing selections from American literature for high school use. He contributes the introduction *From Athens to Hollywood* to Marguerite G. Ortman's *Fiction and the Screen*, published by Marshall Jones Co., Boston, and elsewhere in that book analyzes the motion picture *David Copperfield*, tracing the steps transforming the novel to the picture material.

The State Historical Society of Michigan met Oct. 5 to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the first State Constitution. At this distinguished meeting were members of the Supreme Court, the State Legislature and Congress, and special invitation was extended to surviving members of the Constitutional Convention of 1908.

To Mrs. Lewis Worthington Smith we are indebted for mention of *The Whirling World* series, edited by Frank Luther Mott, head of Journalism at the Iowa state university; Edwin Ford Piper's *Sonnet Sequences*; Henry Harrison's anthology, *Iowa Poets*, with introduction by Jay G. Sigmund, endpapers—a literary map of the state—by Harriet Macy, and a Grant Wood cartoon originally designed as a birthday card for Don Farran as frontispiece. Mrs. Worthington Smith has collected and published the work of eighty Iowa poets who proved favorites in her radio programs, *Iowa Poets Corner*.

University of Iowa Service Bulletin announces a new magazine, *American Prefaces*, "a product of the Middle Western revival which has in the last years given Paul Engle and Ruth Suckow to literature, Grant Wood and Steuart Curry to painting, and the Iowa Experimental Theatre to the drama. It will speak for the movement, but it will not restrict itself to Middle Western regionalism. Above all, it hopes to be a voice for the young writers of America who 'now if ever should have something to say'." *American Prefaces* accepts mss from writers under thirty, and during the summer received one thousand mss from forty-two states.

An international literary competition with cash prize of \$15,000 was announced Oct. 28 by Herbert McComb Moore, President of

Lake Forest College, Ill. The prize will be awarded Jan. 1, 1940, and thereafter every fifty years. It is made under the Bross Foundation established in 1879 by William Bross in memory of his son, Nathaniel, which directs "that . . . a premium be given for a single book . . . to call out the best efforts of the highest talent and ripest scholarship of the world." Decennial awards have been made in the past for mss published and called the Bross library, this award in 1925 going to Douglas C. MacIntosh of Yale. William Bross was a trustee of Lake Forest College for twenty-six years, and a lieutenant governor of Illinois. With J. L. Scripps, Joseph Medill, Alfred Cowles and others he founded the *Chicago Tribune*, with vision clearer than most men's of the future greatness of Chicago.

At the Southwestern conference on higher education, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla., B. A. Botkin presided over the discussion of *Higher Education and the Creative Arts* with addresses by John Gould Fletcher, *Education for Living*; Sarah Gertrude Knott, *Art and the Audience*; Henry Smith, associate editor *The Southwest Review*, *New Fields for Critics: Standards vs. Standardization*; Haniel Long, *Decentralization in Publishing*; John Ankeny, *Public vs. Private Support of Art*.

Helen McMahan of Pond Creek, Okla., wants review copies of books of verse from Montana writers. . . . Irl Morse, Akeley, Minn., wants names and biographical material for an American Poets Directory. No charge, no obligation, he says.

Annarrah L. Stewart announced a monthly section of poetry in *Top of the World*, Western State College, Gunnison, Colo., featuring mature and college poets and offering prizes.

Robin Lampson maintains a high standard in his poetry column, *The Poetic Viewpoint*, in the *Berkeley Courier*, with reprints from fine work of Margaret Trusler (Mrs. Vardis Fisher), Kenneth Allen Robinson, Genevieve Taggard. His cadenced novel, *Laughter out of the Ground*, is justifying his publisher's expectations.

American Women and America's Young Men by the Richard Blank Pub. Co., Los Angeles, are reference books of interest to librarians. *American Women* includes 6,214 biographies.

The Windsor Quarterly is suspended with the fall issue. *Commonwealth College Fortnightly*, Mena, Ark., has much literary gossip concerning the activities of "leftist" writers.

Elma Godchaux, of New Orleans, had the fun of being in NYC when her agents, Curtis Brown, sold the Canadian and American rights of her forthcoming book to Macmillan and the English rights to Eyre and Spottiswoode. Curtis Brown have sold one of her stories to the *Southern Review*, and like her publishers are enthu-

Continued on page 168

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COVERED WAGON

UPTON TERRELL, whose story *Long Distance*, from *FRONTIER AND MIDLAND*, ranked third in the 1935 O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories, has left the city desk of the Salt Lake Tribune and is now in Florida.

Oregon artists are represented by ETHEL ROMIG FULLER, a popular contributor since the first issue of this magazine; LONNA POWELL STAAB, (Portland), a newcomer; and CHARLES HEANEY (Portland), more of whose woodcuts will appear in the spring issue, 1936.

Southern California claims T. B. BRUMBACK (Pasadena), who contributes his first story to appear in print; CARL BULOSAN (Los Angeles), a Filipino who landed in Seattle in 1930, a newcomer to the magazine, and LAWRENCE HARPER (Los Angeles). Northern California claims G. ARMISTEAD KAUFFMAN (Berkeley), and TOM BAIR (Arcata), a frequent contributor.

A Washington writer FLORENCE BREHMAN, (Seattle) makes her initial appearance.

JAMES STEVENS (Indiana), of Paul Bunyan fame, has been a member of the magazine's editorial staff since its inception. He formerly lived in Tacoma. A former Washington resident, now a teacher at the State University of Montana, is H. W. WHICKER.

MARTIN PETERSON (Nebraska) is an editor of *The Prairie Schooner*, a magazine that always stands high for excellent short stories in O'Brien's *Best Short Stories*.

Writers in the South are MARY FASSETT HUNT (Birmingham), another of whose stories will appear in our pages; ELEANOR GLENN WALLIS (Baltimore), and FANIA KRUGER (Wichita Falls), all appearing here for the first time.

JOE HANSEN (Salt Lake City) contributes his fourth story to our pages. WALKER WINSLOW is the well-known poet who lives in Honolulu.

STANLEY SCEARCE (Ronan, Montana) sends his third outdoor experience to appear in *FRONTIER AND MIDLAND*. MARTHA AVERILL, a graduate of the State University of Montana, is taking library work in Cleveland.

LITERARY NEWS

Continued from page 167

siastic over the prospects for her work. Her book will appear in March here, in May abroad. Her first printed stories appeared in *Frontier and Midland*.

John S. Richards of the University of Washington Library staff has arranged for publishing the Joaquin Miller diary. He contributed a discussion of the diary to *Frontier and Midland's* last issue.

Youth, "a magazine for tomorrow's leaders," published on a shoestring at 150 Parrish street, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., by Howard W. Davis, hopes to present a cross-section of the aspirations of American youth.

J. Clarksburg Smith presented Elmo Russ at Aeolian Hall, NYC, in a program of song-settings of poems by foremost American poets, in whose company lesser poets might be proud to appear. Poets seeking inclusion in following programs may address Mr. Smith at 307 West 79th street.

Alice Kausser, 152 W. 42d street, NYC, dramatists' agent, who has had the honor of representing, from abroad, Arnold Bennett, Maurice Hewlett, Gerhardt Hauptman, Maurice Maeterlinck and others, and artists of comparable standing at home, is "making an especial effort to find plays of recent composition to fill the real demand for American plays written from a fresh viewpoint, and not tinged with the decadence of the post-war period." She has had good material from the Northwest, and wants more.

A circulation of 50,000 makes possible the reduction in yearly subscription from \$2 to 50c for the N. Y. Herald-Tribune Books section, to the joy of hard-pressed library boards.

State of Montana, County of Missoula—ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harold G. Merriam, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor, publisher and owner of the *Frontier and Midland*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.; Editor, H. G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.; Managing Editor, H. W. Whicker, Business Manager, Joseph McDowell.

2. That the owner is: Harold G. Merriam, State University, Missoula, Mont.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

H. G. MERRIAM, Editor and Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of October, 1935.

S. J. THOMAS,

Notary Public for the State of Montana.
Residing at Missoula, Montana.
My commission expires July 24, 1936.

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